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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Another by the Author of Day of the Jackal

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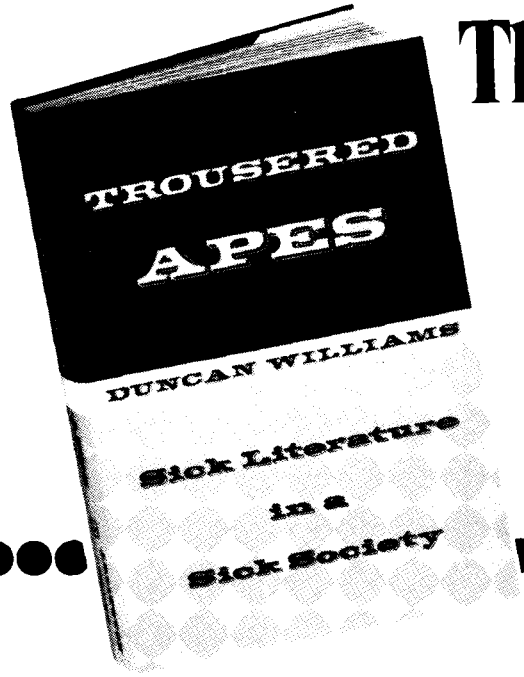

Three eminent British newspapers called this underground book one of the best of the year

TROUSERED APES

Sick Literature in a Sick Society

Duncan Williams *Foreword by* MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

"Anything goes," proclaimed a memorable Cole Porter song of the Thirties—but sardonically. It remained for the Savage Sixties and the Sick Seventies to emancipate us—to the level of trousered apes.

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In his provocative Foreword, Malcolm Muggeridge traces the odyssey of this book in its British edition, from underground sleeper to nomination among 1971's Books of the Year by three eminent London papers: the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. The book's message is at least as urgent for America.

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"A powerful indictment of the 'arrogant primitivism' which in fiction, the drama and the popular arts glorifies violence and animalism . . . a powerful analysis of the violence allied to triviality that characterises so much of our contemporary society."—*Tablet*

"Acute in diagnosing and describing the malady."—Michael Wharton, *Daily Telegraph*

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 46 NOVEMBER 24, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . the world does not come to an end. Our editors assess the U.S. elections; Canadian scholar-journalist **Donald Coxe** explains the Canadian vote (farewell, Trudeau; farewell, McLuhan); and Professor **Wilfred Beckerman** demolishes that thoroughly publicized "Club of Rome" report which predicts environmental doom by the year 2070—'twas belched forth, it turns out, by an MIT computer suffering acute indigestion from an overdose of bad premises. . . . **A. T. Jordan**, a Pole who fled and is now an American citizen, finds his homeland happy enough; nobody feels "alienated," and nobody gives much of a damn one way or the other about Communism. . . . **Peter N. Ehrmann**, an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin's Milwaukee branch, demonstrates that things are bad as ever on campus, indoctrination-wise. The unindoctrinable Mr. Ehrmann plans to become a political activist, conservative variety. . . . For our Fall Book Issue, we roll out the big guns: **Will Herberg**, **Francis Russell**, **Anthony Lejeune**, **Max Geltman** and two new reviewers variously enjoy and deplore. . . . When the news came of Ezra Pound's death we sought a comment from Professor **Hugh Kenner**. His offering sees Pound under the aspect of the ages. —CHS

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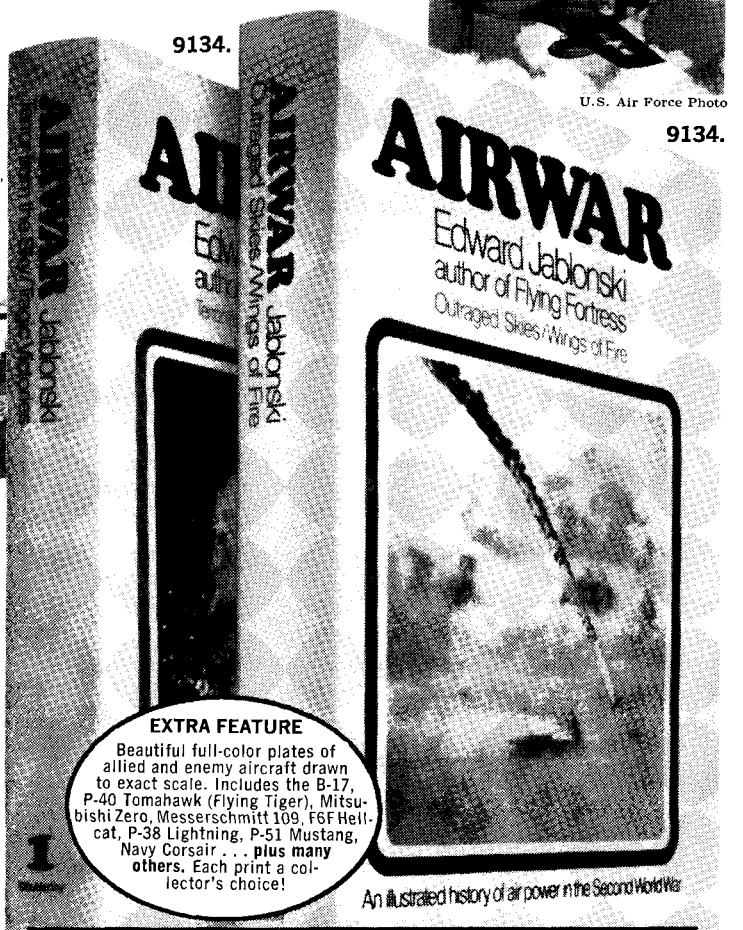

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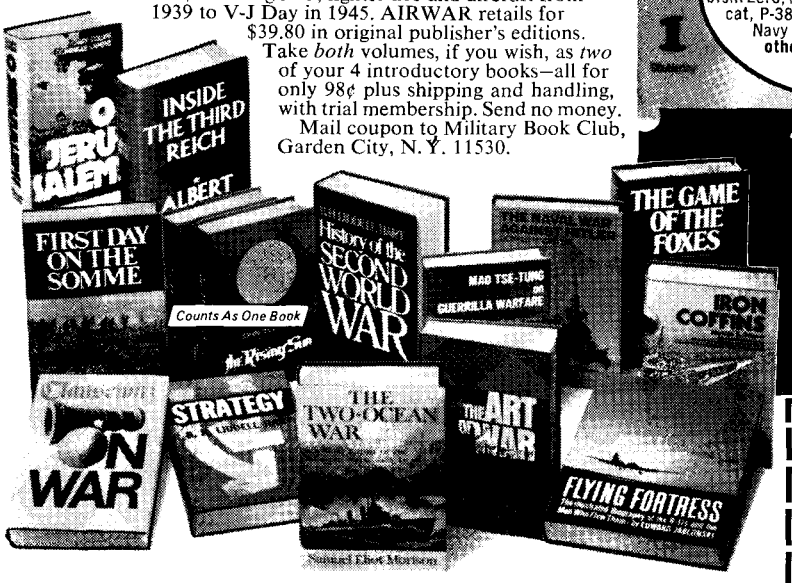

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The other big winner was **Edward M. Kennedy**. Consider. He worked as hard as he could for **McGovern** *and* for other Democratic candidates (a thing Mr. **Nixon** didn't), *his* Massachusetts produced for McGovern, and—in the hurly-burly—the only other young Democrat on the scene with charisma, **Jay Rockefeller** (West Virginia), was knocked out of the race. . . . Come to think of it, so was **John Kerry**, another Kennedy type, the American Vet against the War, who had been expected to win **Brad Morse**'s House seat (Morse quit to take a job at the UN). But Kerry lost at last moment when the third man in the race, **Roger Durkin** (an independent), stepped out and threw his support to liberal Republican **Paul Cronin**. . . . In another important Massachusetts district liberal Father **Robert Drinan** won re-election. Drinan, incidentally, had bought a thousand of the Nader congressional profiles to use in his campaign as did liberal Democrat **Philip Burton** in California (Burton also won). . . . In other House races: **Louise Day Hicks** lost (redistricting), **William Anderson**, *Nautilus*-skipper-turned-dove, lost in Tenn., black civil rights leader **Andrew Young** (D.), a former M. L. King aide, won in Ga., and **Roger Hilsman**, a doveish former Assistant Secretary of State under **Dean Rusk**, lost his first political bid in Connecticut. Republican Rep. **Robert Steele** won that one. . . . Rep. **Ogden Reid**, of the *Herald Tribune* family, a Republican turned Democrat in New York earlier this year, won handily despite intensive campaign to unseat him masterminded by **Nelson Rockefeller**. Already Reid is being talked of as possible gubernatorial candidate against Rocky next year which just might leave **John Lindsay** where he now is—out in the cold. . . . It was a shoo-in for **John Ashbrook** in Ohio, and for Nixon's other Republican presidential opponent, **Pete McCloskey**, in California.

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"With the presidential elections imminent, Ogden is poised to emerge as a major influence in achieving a cease-fire in Vietnam . . ."

■ Liberal Republican senators, by and large, did well. **Percy**, **Brooke**, **Hatfield** and **Case**, all of whom had gotten important financial support from the left-liberal National Committee for an Effective Congress (**Harry Ashmore**, **Stewart Mott**, **Henry Steele Commager** are on the board), won easily, but **Jack Miller** and **Gordon Allott** who lost unexpectedly will both be missed by Republican conservatives. . . . **Hale Boggs**, the House Whip whose plane disappeared on a campaign flight in Alaska several weeks ago, was the first missing person to be elected to Congress and Congressman **William Roy** of Kansas (D), who is a doctor and a lawyer, became an Indian chief in the course of the campaign (honorary, Kickapoo tribe).

■ At the end, the **nation's press** came out for Nixon 17 to 1, with over seven hundred daily papers endorsing him. The big ones that went for McGovern were the *New York Times* and *Post*, *Boston Globe*, *New Orleans States-Item*, *Oregon Journal*, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Madison* (Wis.) *Capital Times*. The *Minneapolis Star* said it had no "clear preference"; the *Wall Street Journal* said it was "not in the business of telling people how to vote"; the *Washington Post* decided to sit this one out, as it has every other election except **Eisenhower** in '52. . . . Also for McGovern, a string of local papers in Pennsylvania owned by **William Scranton III**, son of Jr. . . . It's estimated the election cost $400 million from beginning to end, on all levels. McGovern himself traveled seventy thousand miles between July 1 and November 7, made seventy major addresses in 25 states.

■ The cost for running other splinter campaigns was considerably less. The American Party, **John Schmitz**, presidential candidate, spent between $1 and $1.5 million; Socialist Workers Party (**Linda Jenness**) between $400,000 and $500,000; Socialist Labor Party (**Louis Fischer**) $250,000; Communist Party (**Gus Hall**) $150,000; People's Party (**Dr. Spock**) $20,000. . . . According to *Guardian* rundown, the **Socialist Workers Party** (Trotskyist) was on 24 state ballots, **Communist Party** on fourteen and **People's Party** on thirteen. . . . Most original campaign promise was Louis Fischer's that if elected he would abolish all political parties, including his own. What did he think the chances of his getting elected were: Zero, he replied. . . . John Schmitz, on election eve, dodged a question on his chances of election thus: "I have a better chance of winning tomorrow than this nation has of surviving as a Republic if I don't." In final days, Schmitz centered his campaign fire on Nixon because, he said, "McGovern is so far left he's in danger of falling off the earth."

■ Historical note: After **Wm. Jennings Bryan** lost the third time he commented: "I'm reminded of the drunk who when he had been thrown down the stairs of a club for the third time gathered himself up and said, 'I'm on to these people. They don't want me in there.' "

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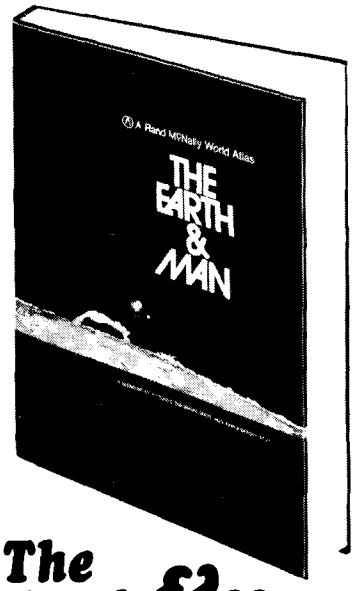

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LETTERS

Is there a Jewish Vote?

May I crave space to confute certain of the implications and asseverations in "Are Jews Converting to—Republicans?," by Edward S. Boylan [Oct. 27]?

It is only at the very end of his piece that Mr. Boylan concedes that "in a sense" there is no such thing as "the Jewish vote." The qualification, I think, is quite unnecessary. After all, as Professor Feuer points out in the same issue, the activist always claims to speak for a whole community. If Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg did indeed say, as Mr. Boylan contends, "that programs that are good for the rest of society are not necessarily good for the Jews," he ought to be repudiated by every Jew who pretends to be more than the crassest egotist.

Mr. Boylan says: ". . . should Jews vote primarily on the basis of who would be better for Israel? A typically Jewish reply would be 'why not?' " I venture to say that—if there is such a thing as a typically Jewish reply—he is wrong. Otherwise, such typical Jews would be better advised to withdraw to some all-Jewish retreat.

Mr. Boylan goes on: "The desire for Jewish return to the Holy Land is centuries old; perhaps the single most important goal of Judaism." *Tiens!* In the Sephardic synagogue in which I was brought up there was at best a polite chill toward Zionism. And "return"? How can one return to where one has never been? Furthermore, Judaism is a religion and a culture, and as such it could not, without becoming something other than Judaism, have as even a minor goal a political and territorial accomplishment.

Mr. Boylan informs us that "Jews probably have the highest average income of any American ethnic group." First of all, where is the proof? Second, since when are Jews an ethnic group? Will Mr. Boylan contend that the Russian Jew, the Moroccan Jew, the Spanish/Dutch Jew, the Ethiopian Jew and the Harbin Jew are members of the same ethnic group?

Precisely because I am a Jew—the son of a Republican reactionary who threw out of his law office any *canaille* who dared to suggest that he run for office as a Jew or vote as a Jew—I have always been outraged by these bloc appeals. I might almost have voted for the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW in 1965, if I had not been leaving the country, solely because of his admirable contempt for just this kind of thing.

The only place where one may rightfully vote as a Jew (in this country) is in a synagogue election. Mr. Buckley's conception of the nation's interests may and probably does differ markedly from mine: but not because he is a Catholic and I am a (lapsed) Jew. We are concerned, each in his own way, for the nation as a whole, knowing that its interests must be those of its Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and heathen citizens alike.

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

New York, N.Y.

Americans in Donetsk

I cannot tell you how great my satisfaction was at reading Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column "Americans Abroad" ["On the Right," Oct. 13]. I wonder how many Americans knew about the U.S. Information Agency's exhibits in Russian cities, like the one in Donetsk? I sure didn't know—our newspapers never carry dull items like this. As Mr. Buckley says, these dollars are well spent.

Santa Monica, Calif. N. G. NYERGES

The Times: Last Words

Anent your recent study ["Is It True What They Say about the *New York Times*?," Sept. 15] acquitting the *New York Times* of bias in reporting political controversies, I wonder if the result would have been the same if the study had been of coverage of a variety of ideological issues. For one example, it has been my subjective impression that advocates of abortion get roughly five or six times as much prominence and attention as opponents of abortion. Could you not run another study which would concentrate on such matters?

Berkeley, Calif. JOHN T. NOONAN JR.

Among the stories which John Ottinger and Patrick Maines find the *New York Times* covered with exemplary fairness was the mining of the North Vietnamese ports in May 1972. To check the accuracy of their analysis we have examined with care the coverage given to this story by the *Times* and the *Washington Post* on two of the days of heaviest news coverage, May 10 and 11. Rather than classify whole news stories as pro-Administration or anti-Administration, we counted the pro and anti paragraphs in each story. The classification into pro and anti is rough at best, but for what they are worth, these are our findings.

On May 10, the *Times* printed about 165 column-inches of material relating to the mining and associated developments that could be classified as pro Administration policy. It printed about 125 inches of material that might be classed as anti-Administration. However, the pro-Administration material includes the complete transcript of Henry Kissinger's news conference and the complete text of President Nixon's TV address. It could be argued that these verbatim texts should be excluded if we want to see how the *Times*' writers report the news. There is con-

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siderable overlapping in the transcripts and the news stories, and the full transcripts probably have even less readership than Ottinger and Maines attribute to the editorials.

If we take out the verbatim texts, the picture changes drastically. The material that is pro-Administration on May 10 drops to only 66 column-inches while the anti-Administration count drops to 106 column-inches (deducting the text of a Hanoi communiqué).

On May 11, the imbalance was even greater. Excluding a 64-column-inch transcript of a news conference by Secretary Laird, the pro-Administration material came to about 55 column-inches. The anti-Administration material came to about 96 column-inches.

What is most striking about the difference in the coverage in the *Times* and the *Washington Post* [for the purpose of the analysis AIM made an in-depth survey of *New York Times* and *Washington Post* stories on May 10 and 11] is the *Times*' greater emphasis on the damage done to U.S.-Soviet relations and the danger to the President's trip; the playing-up of Hanoi's defiant reaction, rather than its isolation and lack of support from its allies; the downplaying of the boost the action gave to South Vietnamese morale (especially the failure to report President Thieu's strong comments); the emphasis on negative European reactions and negative Capitol Hill reactions. This emphasis on the negative even extended to putting the stockmarket report on page one, although most of the broker comment quoted in the run-over on page 24 emphasized that the decline was bound to be of short duration.

In comparison with the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* comes out looking like a paragon of journalistic evenhandedness in this case.

This analysis suggests that there is something seriously wrong with the findings of Ottinger and Maines. While we have looked at only two days and they examined the coverage by the *Times* from May 9 to 22, the fact that they praised the coverage on May 10 and 11 as balanced suggests that they did not examine it carefully and that they made no comparisons with coverage in other papers.

ABRAHAM H. KALISH
Executive Secretary
Washington, D.C. Accuracy in Media

Conspiracy, Yes or No?

I am very grateful to A[lan] Reynolds for his review of *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* ["Books in Brief," Sept. 29], and to NATIONAL REVIEW for printing the review despite the book's popularity among many conservatives. The danger of a book like this is that so many people, unwilling to believe that the world is and always will be imperfect, grab at theories that imply that, if only we could get rid of this or that group which is plotting

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our destruction, our troubles would be over.

We have seen, in the twentieth century, much too much of the hatred this sort of theory engenders.

Boston, Mass. MARY SCHLEGEL

Mr. Reynolds' review of *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* by Gary Allen lacks any sort of logic in that it refutes few of the author's statements on many subjects.

How come American policy, domestic and foreign, continues the same no matter who is President? (Does the President take orders from somebody?)

Who is behind the general application of the "worldview" in our daily education? (As opposed to in-depth education in our rare and beautiful constitutional Republic?)

Why will the details of President Kennedy's assassination be kept secret for one hundred years? Who is being protected? (The American people? From whom?)

Why, when the Supreme Court can make so many gyrations on so many constitutional questions, was the Bible allowed to be removed from public schools? Why abolish the death penalty? Why give the criminal so much protection, and society so little? (Is the slate being wiped clean before some new philosophy will be written on it?)

A. Reynolds does readers a disservice in just not accepting the fact that some, much, of Gary Allen may be true.

Edgemont, Pa. WALTER K. BRAUN

Crime and Punishment

James E. Wood's letter ["Letters," Oct. 13] has missed the most important points in my article about violent crimes—and criminal statistics—in Britain today ["They Have Gun Controls in England," Sept. 15]. For statistics showing convictions for murder have usually *increased* somewhat following abolition although, as time goes on, and violence increases, overburdened police and court officials may become less likely to seek indictments resulting in lengthy murder trials. And as Mr. Wood observes, frightened juries may become less ready to bring in guilty verdicts. The crucial point to grasp, however, is the way both legislation and judicial processes concerning murder affect also the manslaughter statistics—because findings of manslaughter don't carry the death penalty anyway.

In Britain, not only convictions for murder, but even more markedly those for manslaughter, increased steeply after passage of the 1957 Homicide Act which permitted a killer—although apprehended by the police for murder, and subsequently indicted by the courts for murder—to plead guilty instead to manslaughter on vaguely defined grounds of "diminished responsibility." From 1957 onward, the Home Office in London simply ignored these victims of mere "diminished-responsibility" manslaughters in computing their official "murder rates" for England and Wales.

Although the Home Office insists that their current murder rates are validly based on numbers of murder victims "known to the police," such official figures look rather silly alongside the other police data about murder found in *Criminal Statistics, England and Wales.* Here you will find that in 1957, when 156 murder victims were listed as "known to the police," there were only 124 persons "apprehended" by police for murder. The 156 figure was higher than the 124 figure only because police hadn't yet tracked down *all* the murderers, and couldn't "apprehend" those who later committed suicide. But in 1971, when the "official" murder figure was only 177 victims "known to the police," there were *347* persons "apprehended" by police for murder—*in addition to fifty persons* "apprehended" by police for "manslaughter."

Obviously, the Home Office rate for "murder victims" is highly selective since it does not begin to reflect the awful material facts statistically in question—namely, the dead bodies determined by police investigations as murder victims.

London M. F. HARVEY

How To Pick a Veep

Please register a solid vote for the "Fathers" who instructed us on "How To Pick a Veep" ["The Week," Sept. 15] more cannily than we seem capable of discerning.

One of them left some rather conclusive evidence that he, at least, was under no delusions, Platonic or otherwise, about the natures of citizens liable to occupy offices even of "highest and next highest esteem."

". . . [C]onstituent parts may by their mutual relations be the means of keeping each other in their proper places. . . . This policy of supplying by opposite and rival interests the defect of better motives might be traced through the whole system of human affairs, private as well as public. We see it displayed in all the subordinate distributions of power, where the constant aim is to divide and arrange the several offices in such a manner as that each may be a check on the other—that the private interest of every individual may be a sentinel over the public rights. . . ." (*Federalist*, No. 51).

Far from sounding "bemused" by any "utopian strand" of thought, this prescription for keeping the different offices of government at each other's throats has almost a Machiavellian ring of practicality to it.

Why NATIONAL REVIEW at this late date should act as apologist for the consolidation of executive power is a little hard to fathom. Unless it has something to do with the same spirit of generosity responsible for characterizing the capabilities of President John F. Kennedy as "unproven."

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. CARVER COLLINS

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THE WEEK

■ Seven-year-old Adam Gilford of Kansas City, Kansas heads an organization called (redundantly) Children for McGovern. A fortnight ago, Master Gilford told 25,000 frenzied McGovernites that President Nixon's sole object is the acquisition of power, his rule the tyranny of oppression and folly. Senator McGovern himself was there to applaud the innocent's seditions, saying that he "made more sense than Nixon and Agnew put together." Though the evidence is shaky all around, one hopes that Gilford will attain the age of reason before McGovern, and the odds on it are good, very good.

■ Senator Barry Goldwater campaigned hard for President Nixon, he said, so that the Goldwater name could be erased from the record books. Goldwater said he did not want his grandchildren to have to say "that was my grandfather that got beat worse than any man in history." On November 8, Barry was in the clear.

■ The scores of millions of dollars spent on advertising and publicity during this year's election campaign apparently had no significant effect, from beginning to end, on the relative standing of the candidates. "If I had as little effect with $10 million of my client's money," commented Stanley Tannenbaum, head of Kenyon & Eckhardt advertising agency, "I'd shoot myself. After all that advertising they haven't moved the needle." Another advertising executive summed up: "Never has so much been spent to say so little to so many." As for the content of this year's political advertising, Mr. Tannenbaum remarked: "Still the half-truths. If we did the same the Federal Trade Commission would be having a field day."

■ The November 8 Chutzpah Award easily captured by *New York Post* columnist Harriet Van Horne: "It was all as expected. The Committee To Re-elect the President did precisely that. The people, as always, voted their fears, their pitiful hopes, and their meanest prejudices. . . . And those of us who believe in honest government and civil liberties are now passengers on the *Titanic*. . . . Yesterday's vote . . . granted authority to the President to continue his policy of . . . *contempt for the common man*." (Italics added)

■ Three U.S. immigration inspectors have been indicted in the Southwest, two charged with trafficking in narcotics, the third with smuggling guns. That finally broke the camel's back and a federal investigation is coming for the Immigration and Naturalization Service, whose job it is to prevent illegal entry into the U.S. and supervise resident aliens. The INS hasn't been doing its job very well. Last August a House subcommittee estimated the number of illegal aliens in the U.S. at about two million and blamed the illegals for everything from unemployment to upsetting the balance of payments. The federal investigation will cover all aspects of the immigration service, and, who knows, it just may be discovered why certain congressmen have helped certain Mafia-connected aliens in their clashes with federal authorities.

■ "Hunger U.S.A."—a 1967 report by the Citizens Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition—did a lot to put across such federal programs as food stamps and free school lunches. Now, the Board finds a "jigsaw puzzle" of overlapping programs with too many regulations, too much administrative expense. Federal anti-hunger spending is six times as large as it was in 1967, but 43 per cent of the poor still receive no federal help. The Board's new proposal is to expand free school lunches to cover all children (not just the needy), and give the poor money instead of food.

■ Chile, it now seems, will survive—at least until the elections next March. The paralyzing strikes protesting the socialist policies of the Allende government have been settled, after 24 days and an estimated cost of over $100 million. In a major reshuffling, Allende appointed three military men to his cabinet. The new Minister of the Interior, General Carlos Prats, quickly settled with the strikers by promising 1) to drop all legal action against them, 2) to return all businesses and property confiscated during the strikes and 3)—this is what the strikes were all about—to put a moratorium on all small-business takeovers by the government until after the March elections. Meanwhile, an Opposition-sponsored arms-control bill has been signed into law that will disarm the left-militant factions that brought the country to the brink of civil war. Since what the leftists (principally the Miristas) have been doing was illegal to begin with, the question remains what the new law will accomplish. On the other hand, General Prats has now joined the government, and he is a tough hombre.

■ Following the cue of the United States, Japan is improving its relations with Communist China, a shift in political power causing considerable concern to the Soviet Union. Three months after he took office Premier Tanaka formally ended the state of war that had existed between Japan and China for 32 years. But the Soviets still haven't been able to settle with the Japanese the dispute over the Kurile Islands. Nor have the Soviets had any success in settling boundary disputes with the Communist Chinese. In addition, the Communist Chinese seem to be accepting the United States-Japan Security Treaty as a means of thwarting Soviet designs in the Pacific. Moreover, economic relations between Japan and Communist China continue to improve and with them the chance of increas-

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ing political influence for Japan. An article in *Izvestia* has, thoughtfully, warned Japan of the dangers of becoming a "political tool," a horror that *Izvestia* is surely qualified to speak on. But the Japanese, unlike the Soviets, seem unperturbed by the shifting power.

■ Any organization that can name a committee the "Special Committee on the Situation with Regard to the Implementation of the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples" is undoubtedly capable of further idiocies. The latest by the United Nations General Assembly was the vote to "legitimize" the various African liberation fronts. The temptation is to say, there goes the UN again with yet another rammed-through and meaningless vote, except that the liberation armies now "legitimized" go about the business of liberation in a bloody manner, mostly by hit-and-run raids across the border into Portuguese Africa that more often than not leave behind a trail of murdered men, women and children and burned villages.

■ Though he is not about to tear down Notre Dame or the Arc de Triomphe, President Georges Pompidou is relaxed about architectural change, and in a remarkably civilized interview carried in *Le Monde* defended modern high-rise buildings against dogmatic detraction. Paris, noted Pompidou, is not a "dead" city or a "museum." "Its builders—from Louis XIV to Haussmann—destroyed even more than they built. The Roman Middle Ages built their churches, the Renaissance its palaces, with the stones of monuments from antiquity." In assessing the new, he said, "the principle to follow is that one must accept novelty and simply endeavor that it should be beautiful and not a copy of the old."

■ As the poet says, Confusion now hath made his masterpiece: Doctor Spock has attacked motherhood. In Ann Arbor (the Manhattan of the Midwest), the People's Party candidate told a crowd of students and liberated mammas that reverence for child-bearing is "sexist," and that accordingly the next edition of *Baby and Child Care* will recommend that little girls be instilled with "less respect for their mothers." But don't judge the doctor too harshly: He made his remarks during the heat of a tough campaign, in a last-ditch attempt to win votes.

■ Paul B. Owens, a convicted bank robber presently residing in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., has sued prison officials who allegedly refused to let him make a contribution to the McGovern campaign. According to the rules, the warden can authorize prisoners to draw from their prison accounts to meet "emergencies" at home. You be the judge.

■ "My little jokes don't hurt anybody. But when Congress makes a joke, it's the LAW!"—Will Rogers

The Nixon Landslide

1. McGovern's Disaster: Rationalized

Beginning in mid-summer, George McGovern's supporters in the press began taking out landslide insurance. Anthony Lewis stressed the campaign flaps and intimated that George was none too competent; Harriet Van Horne rediscovered the reedy voice and charisma lesion largely forgotten since New Hampshire; Tom Wicker mused about McGovern's suspect "credibility." The motives here were plain enough. It was not desirable ideologically that McGovern's abysmal standing in the polls be ascribed to the political premises of his candidacy. McGovern's showing had to be his own fault. In the event of an electoral disaster, interpretation would sacrifice McGovern in order to preserve the political analysis upon which he had based his movement and his candidacy.

Indeed, Tom Wicker has recently explained (*N.Y. Times Magazine*, November 5), McGovern's disaster is essentially attributable to the fact that he himself abandoned the analysis. McGovern's decline from the high point of the nomination was a sort of political Rake's Progress. McGovern communicated his Pisgah Vision, says Wicker, sometime in 1969 at a Washington restaurant called The Monocle. "I'm going all the way," announced McGovern. "I'm going to run for President and the coalition I'm going to put together is going to be built around the poor and the minorities and the young people and the antiwar movement." It was, observes Wicker approvingly, a "bold decision to appeal dramatically to a new kind of constituency rather than to play the old centrist politics in the middle of the road."

Remaining true to this vision for the time being, McGovern wrote the reform rules for the Democratic Party; he cultivated the old McCarthy-Kennedy protest constituency; he had radical welfare schemes. "George McGovern's campaign for the nomination succeeded because as far back as 1969 he had realized how swiftly the nation was changing, and that therefore the nation's politics had to change, too . . . the center could not hold; strange new coalitions of the discontented and the disadvantaged and the alienated were out there waiting to be born. For him that was the crucial insight; the antiwar forces, the young people, the angry minorities that had shaken the country in 1968 could be welded into a winning political force by a man who knew how

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to do it, who would take the risk. George McGovern decided to be that man."

But then, explains Wicker, all sorts of factors quite extrinsic to this analysis intervened: 1) the California Challenge, which absorbed needed time and energy; 2) the Eagleton fiasco; and 3) assorted credibility blasters such as McGovern's denial that he had sent Pierre Salinger to confer with the North Vietnamese in Paris. But essentially, apart from his own incapacity, argues Wicker, McGovern's key error was his abandonment of the vision described in 1969 at The Monocle. He tried to move toward the center. He courted LBJ and Daley. He stopped talking about income redistribution. He softened his proposed defense cuts. But he failed to convince many Democratic centrists, and also lost the chance to win with the New Coalition. The conditions "existed in which he might have won much regular-party allegiance by remaining strong enough to go his own way, as he had been doing so long and so successfully, relying on the reality of the political coalition he and Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy and dozens of lesser state and local 'radical' leaders had done so much to forge." Instead, concludes Wicker, McGovern chose to be an "organization man," a "hack."

But was McGovern's original premise valid? Wicker and others will go to virtually any lengths to save it from the effects of the landslide. Is it not likely, however, that even as McGovern at length added up the figures on his economic proposals, and then junked the proposals, he finally did the electoral arithmetic and concluded that no national governing coalition could possibly be based on "the poor and the minorities and the young people and the antiwar movement"? One thing the Wickers refuse to face is the fact that their "populist" analysis of the nation's needs has been rejected, not surprisingly, by the populace. Scratch McGovern, but save the ideology.

2. McGovernism

One thing demonstrated by the McGovern electoral debacle is the narrowness of the appeal possessed by McGovernism in American electoral politics. His candidacy, in both style and substance, had its roots in the counterculture of the 1960s. Notice the early symbolic themes concerning marijuana, abortion, amnesty, lettuce and so on, from which McGovern never quite disentangled himself. His assorted welfare and income redistribution schemes reflected the antibourgeois animus of the 1960s New Left. His convention quotas have their campus analogues, established in the atmosphere of the 1960s, and cater to the fashionable minorities. His arms cuts belong to the same *Weltanschauung*. His precinct sloggers grew up in the McCarthy and Bobby movements. But, above all perhaps, his rhetoric—in its emotional extremity and savage self-righteousness—was reminiscent of the feverish moments of the 1960s.

Ho Chi Minh, McGovern gave out, was the Vietnamese George Washington. Richard Nixon had "conducted an evil Administration. . . . I think the aerial bombardment of Southeast Asia by Richard Nixon is the most evil thing ever done by any American President." As Stewart Alsop observed just before voting, "No presidential candidate in modern history has imputed to his rival such foul and evil motives." Thus McGovern: "Mr. Nixon has kept the war going for four years and ground up twenty thousand American lives purely to avoid criticism from the right-wing war hawks . . . all those people died for the Committee To Re-elect the President." Domestically, thought McGovern, we face "a moral and constitutional crisis of unprecedented dimensions." Four years from now, "if we lose this election, we may not recognize this country."

Many listeners Tuesday night were surprised that McGovern was able to get through his concession speech without mentioning Adolf Hitler.

From start to finish the McGovern campaign produced an eerie double-focus effect, rather as if a college faculty meeting had somehow reconstituted itself as a national party and run one of its own for President.

What the voting demonstrated, among other things, was the depth of the chasm dividing the majority of Americans from the McGovernites inhabiting the campus, the media and some affluent suburbs. They have been highly audible; they remain energetic and ambitious. But, for 1972, as they are all saying, as Massachusetts goes, so goes the District of Columbia.

3. A New Majority?

Shortly after the 1968 election, Kevin Phillips, who had been an assistant to John Mitchell in the campaign, published *The Emerging Republican Majority*. On the morning after the 1972 election, the majority that re-elected Richard Nixon—who entered the White House as a minority President, with only 43 per cent of the popular vote—bears a striking likeness to Mr. Phillips' analytic description, and seems at first glance to confirm his thesis.

The Phillips model of the emerging majority incorporates, to begin with, the bulk of the traditional Republicans minus the Republican left-liberal wing, much of which he predicted would drop away, as it has begun doing this year (cf. John Lindsay, Ogden Reid). To this

Ding-Dong, the Witch Is Dead

It wasn't like Landon; it wasn't like Barry.
It wasn't like Dewey conceding to Harry.
Like Alfred E. Smith, it assuredly wasn't.
Recall Herbert Hoover's debacle, it doesn't.
Though some may remember when Bryan was beaten,
Or Mr. Lumumba (presumably eaten),
To me, the McGovern disaster is solace
For those who compared him to Henry A. Wallace.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Here is how you can get, at a special bargain price, your own personal copy of William F. Buckley's latest book "Inveighing We Will Go."

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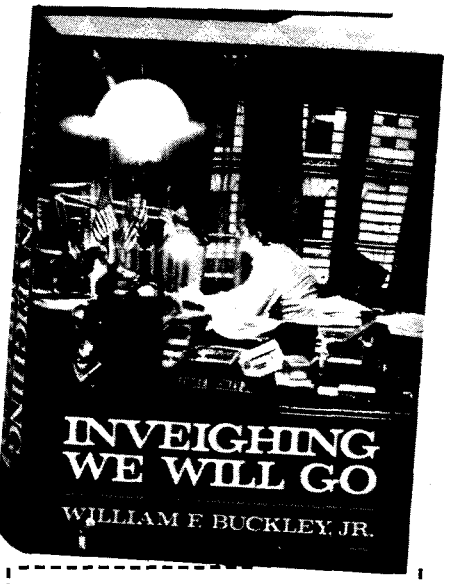

by Lucille M. Guardala

You simply won't be able to find a more absorbing or fascinating book this season than "Inveighing We Will Go." It is really the perfect book for Buckley fans young and old alike, because there is something of interest for everyone! The book is a veritable "best of Buckley"—it is amazing how one person can write with such knowledge and authority on so many subjects. "Inveighing We Will Go" has to be the best example of the famous Buckley style to date.

Imagine, if you can, a book that deals with the lurking horrors of Communist societies, that peels away the veneer of the media's simplicities to expose the real factors at work behind politician's pronouncements, and yet finds the time to muse on the Anniversary of Beethoven's birth. And all under one cover!

A New Approach

But there are other surprises in store for Buckley fans in this book. Bill Buckley himself in the book's introduction says: "In other collections I think there was a little more anfractuosity than in this one, in which here and there I blurt forth more plain-spokenly on some of the concrete problems of the day . . . things like pollution, conscription, ecology, social welfare and even Women's Lib." And that's only the beginning! You'll find plenty of stimulating writing, straightforward and baroque (in the very best Buckley style) on: Ireland, India, the whole Red China affair, Israel, Railroad Reform, Busing, Price Controls, Inflation, Communism in Chile, Revenue-Sharing, Labor Unions, the Pentagon Papers, the New York *Times*, Helen Gurley Brown's *Cosmopolitan*, the end of the War, and much more.

The subjects covered are many and varied, true, but it's what Bill Buckley has to say about each subject that is so different. In these days of T.V. news coverage, we get so used to the surface reality of news events, that we often tend to lose the real meaning of the event and its implications on our lives. Buckley reminds us, lest we get carried away by Presidential toasts in Peking, that for all the droves of docile and industrious Chinese, Mao had executed hundreds of thousands . . . for all the surface ambience and prosperity of today's Yugoslavia, Tito initially eliminated all his opposition.

What He Says

The book begins with the full text of Bill Buckley's famous *Playboy* interview. The interview is vintage Buckley (he gets the better of *Playboy* on numerous occasions), witty—really a classic, but it is also a fine summation of his views on a host of subjects. And don't miss the sections on Politics, the Education of the Kids, the Church or the Personals about Edgar Smith, Clare Boothe Luce, Tom Wolfe, or his brother, Sen. James Buckley.

Naturally, one of the unusual features of any Buckley book is the great wealth of pithy, quotable quotes to use in your own discussions. Well, "Inveighing We Will Go" is no disappointment in this area. Here are some examples:

"Sometimes I feel that John Lindsay is much more useful as a failure, than ever he would have been as a success. In that not insignificant sense, we are indebted to him."

"The fact is, the kind of confidence in America and American institutions that made Woodrow Wilson the idol of an epoch in twentieth-century, liberal American history is, well, dissipated."

"China seems to have killed or otherwise disposed of the incremental objector, so as to have achieved the society of the perfectly misled."

"Here is what the Chinese gave up: 1. They consented to traffic with representatives of the Government of the United States . . . 2. They performed routine rhetorical exercises on the themes of world peace and national sovereignty . . . Here is what the United States gave up . . . 1. We issued a communique in which the Red Chinese reasserted their absolute right to conquer Taiwan . . . 2. We have lost—irretrievably—any remaining sense of moral mission in the world."

"There I was . . . at the South Pole, and two gentlemen . . . suggested that if I stood on my head, they would snap a photograph . . . which . . . would represent me, atlas-like, bearing the weight of the world on my shoulders. That being what I habitually do anyway, I readily consented . . ."

You will never forgive yourself if you miss this opportunity to get your own copy of this book. Order it today!

SPECIAL SAVINGS OFFER for NR readers only!

By a special arrangement with the publisher, we were able to order copies of "Inveighing We Will Go" in bulk quantity—enabling us to save quite a bit over the retail price of the book ($7.95). We are more than happy to pass our savings on to NR readers who want a copy of this extraordinary book.

Here is how the offer works: renew your *National Review* subscription *now* (new subscriptions are fine too!) at no more than the regular $12.00 yearly rate and pay only an additional $3.95 for the book. You pay just $15.95 in all and save $4.00 on the book. All you have to do is use the card facing this page today. Offer good *only* while our supply of these books lasts: all orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. Send for your copy today!

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It's a Long, Long Way from July to November

"To suggest this July that George McGovern will be elected President next November is, of course, preposterous—as preposterous as to have suggested last November that he would win the Democratic nomination this July."—Arthur Schlesinger Jr., "How McGovern Will Win," *New York Times Magazine*, July 30, 1972

"If McGovern doesn't now adopt the Establishment view, it is asserted, he will do more this autumn to make Richard Milhous Nixon a statesman than Barry Goldwater did to make LBJ a pacifist. The comparison with Goldwater is a brilliant piece of political polemics. It certainly has taken hold. It is also nonsense."—John Kenneth Galbraith, "The Case for George McGovern," *Saturday Review*, July 1, 1972

"As Republicans reflect on the fact that Nixon won last time by only 600,000 votes against a bitterly divided Democratic Party, as they note McGovern's inroads into traditionally Republican areas, they must begin to wonder where the President is going to find support in 1972 that he did not have in 1968. . . . he needs six or seven million new votes if he is to offset not just McGovern gains in formerly Republican areas but, above all, the Democratic potentiality among first voters. . . . The Republican plurality of 600,000 four years ago could sink without a trace in this flood of new votes." —Schlesinger

"It is necessary, of course, that McGovern resist the pressure of the privileged. . . . He will appeal to the unrich, unpowerful, and unprivileged majority, and, therefore, he will be elected."—Galbraith

"If we can't elect the best man, something is wrong. But we can; the fact that McGovern has made it again and again and again in South Dakota—once the most Republican state in the Union—shows that he is highly electable. And, for once, my credentials as a prophet are impeccable."—Galbraith

"On the whole, pundits know very little about politics." —Schlesinger

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Phillips adds "the alienated Democrats." These include most Southern voters; those elsewhere who voted for George Wallace in 1968 together with their sociological similars who had at that time not yet broken with the Democrats; wider circles of blue-collar workers, poor whites and ethnics. "Such elements [stretch] from the 'Okie' Great Central Valley of California to the mountain towns of Idaho, Florida's space centers, rural South Carolina, Bavarian Minnesota, the Irish sidewalks of New York and the Levittowns of Megalopolis. . . . Southerners, Borderers, Germans, Scotch-Irish, Pennsylvania Dutch, Irish, Italians, Eastern Europeans and other urban Catholics, middle-class suburbanites, Sun Belt residents, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Interior populists." Geographically, the new majority is to be based in the Heartland, South and California against a minority Democratic Party in the Northeast and the Pacific Northwest (and encompassing Southern as well as Northern Negroes)." Nixon's majority was fashioned almost exactly according to this Phillips model.

However, it is not an *election majority* that Mr. Phillips wrote about. He was predicting a new *party majority*; predicting that the Republican Party would become, for the next decades, "the majority party" in the sense that the Democratic Party has been the majority party since 1936—the party that enrolls a sizable majority of the voters and that incorporates in a more or less stable galaxy definable groups and classes constituting a sizable majority of the population.

A second glance at this Nixon election majority is sufficient to see that it is not what Phillips means by the Republican majority whose emergence he predicted; not yet, at any rate. It is an amalgam that assembled to re-elect Richard Nixon—perhaps it would be more accurate to say, to defeat George McGovern and McGovernism. It is at the very most a potential Republican Party majority, raw plastic from which Republicans may fashion an enduring majority coalition; but that is for the future.

This is proved, most obviously, by the Republican Party's failure to make headway in the congressional elections; the 93rd will still be a Democratic Congress, and so far as any change in the ideological balance was indicated by the shifts in membership, it may be a degree or two left of the 92nd.

But second and more fundamental, this Nixon majority, forged in so considerable a part by the negative dynamism of anti-McGovernism, may prove too artificial an amalgam. The traditional Republican Party really is in an important sense the party of Big Business—as, God knows, the campaign contribution lists amply annotate—just as the modern Democratic Party has been the party of the city bosses and trade-union leaders. Can Big Business and, say, the blue-collar types really live harmoniously in the same house? Phillips defines his emerging majority as "conservative" *and* "populist," and considers populism as a conservative movement. But what is populism in one man's eye is apt to be dangerous radicalism in another's. It is not easy to see just how traditional Republican businessmen are going to lie down peacefully, for very long, with populist-minded trade unionists, lower-middle-class ethnics and poor whites. If a Republican majority is actually going to emerge into history, a good deal more creative political thought is going to be required than Republicans have been accustomed to producing.

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4. What Next?

The candidate who asks for and wins a landslide victory and his associates and admirers customarily think of it as a mighty Popular Mandate enjoining and permitting him to remake the country and even the world. If the candidate is a President up for re-election, he will be likely to look on it more particularly as the chance given him to complete the composition of the Grand Design that the difficulties of a first term and the need to spend so much time on the problem of that re-election allowed him only to trace out dimly in those first four years. But of course such notions are mostly fantasy. Time and history move in a continuous unfurling and there is no beginning or end. Peace, freedom, prosperity, civility, happiness are not static objects that you finally get hold of and nail down. They are never final; they must always be sought, and won only to be re-won. There is no Grand Design for the kingdoms of this world, and if there were it would have to be continually altered as the conditions of men and the relations among them continually change.

An electoral mandate has much less significance than the headlines of the moment suggest. It fades rapidly away, as the Eisenhower and Johnson mandates have shown in our generation. It looks more to the past, indeed, than to the future; it expresses the popular judgment of the candidate's past performance and the image formed of him rather than a call for anything very specific in the time to come.

So we may guess that the second term of Richard Nixon is not going to be so very different in style or accomplishment from the first. It will be the same Nixon; politically speaking, it will be much the same Congress, and the partisan relation between Congress and the President will be the same. Mr. Nixon will still be interested primarily in foreign affairs, and he will try, with some success and some failure, to push further the initiatives he has taken in restructuring the pattern of our global relations toward closer accord with a developing multipolar world. He will push hard to expand foreign trade, and will be frustrated in some measure by the conflicts of jealous nationalisms, including our own, and by the realities of totalitarian systems. He will, probably quite soon, end our direct participation in Indochina fighting, but it is not likely that Southeast Asia will cease to be a problem. Domestically, he will try to steer his pragmatic Keynesian course through the welfarist and inflationary shoals.

Whatever happens to the ship of state and its skipper in the years immediately ahead, it is unmistakably clear what next lies ahead, or should, for American conservatives. In the first four years of the Nixon era American conservatism has been largely smothered as a distinctive doctrine and movement, even though the Republican Party is in sentiment undoubtedly the more conservative of the two major political organizations. Those who still think of themselves as conservative face the duty of reviewing and re-evaluating what they believe and what they do, and this is a job that belongs on the immediate agenda. Conservatives have got to decide how, if at all, they will figure in the American situation as it has become in these Nixon years and as it will be.

East Meets West, or Does It?

The negotiations between and concerning West and East Germany that began in 1970 and rounded a critical turn on November 6 with completion of the draft treaty between Bonn and Pankow have been an exercise as much in metaphysics as in diplomacy. Behind the practical issues concerning which all the six parties wanted to reach workable compromises loomed ontological disputes about the German essence: Are there two Germanies or one? Is Germany (are Germanies) a sovereign independent state (states) or an "occupied nation"? Is Berlin one, two or four, part of Germany (Germanies), or a conquered enclave (enclaves) under the rule (rules) of four occupying powers?

The metaphysical questions have been rather elegantly suspended by a trio of declarations whose divergences have been allowed to stand separate and unresolved: by East Germany, that Germany has been divided for all time into two separate nations and states; by West Germany, that East plus West Germany constitutes "two states within one nation"; and by the four powers (Soviet Union, Britain, France, U.S.), affirming that whatever Germany is, the four powers retain their rights and responsibilities for East, West, and Berlin, as provided in the World War II armistice.

The philosophical dialectic having been thus appeased, a series of agreements this year managed to make some progress with the practical matters. Some months ago a treaty on transportation between East and West was signed. A new four-power accord on Berlin, together with an East and West German understanding on practical relations between Berlin-east and Berlin-west was completed. This latest and more comprehensive treaty, covering economic as well as political relations,

Come Home, Richard Nixon

Like Saul of Tarsus, who became
The Paul of biblical acclaim,
Or like the prodigal who found
His daddy's ways were rather sound;
I hope that Mr. Nixon's win
Will lead him from the path of sin.

W. H. VON DREELE

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has been initialed and, if Willy Brandt's Social Democrats win the November 19 election, will be ratified soon thereafter. Rainer Barzel and his Christian Democrats, declaring certain of its provisions unacceptable, have insisted they will reopen the negotiations if they take over the government. But German public opinion wants to get the business over with and it is unlikely that Barzel would wish to be held responsible for an indefinite delay.

As to whether this détente that has been the objective of Brandt's Ostpolitik signifies a basic convergence of Communist East and democratic capitalist West, one fact is eloquent. When negotiations started, it was widely believed that they would result in the dismantling of the Wall, both literally and symbolically: that is, in free entry to and exit from East Germany. Somewhat easier access of West Germans to East Germany was in fact agreed to. But the Wall will stand unbreached so far as East Germans are concerned. A confidential poll by the East German government disclosed that if East Germans were free to leave, within the first period 950,000, many of them professionals, technicians and skilled workers, would get out for good. Herr Egon Bahr, the West German negotiator, replied November 6 to a question on whether the Wall was coming down: "I think nobody in the world—not the Americans, the British or the French—could bring the Wall down. We could not reach that."

Thieu at the Bridge

Nguyen Van Thieu is everybody's villain, a Saboteur of Peace. Everybody, or most everybody, has managed to forget that if any sabotaging was done, it was surely the handiwork of Hanoi, which on October 26 violated the secrecy of the Kissinger-Tho discussions, thereby disrupting their progress. This breach of good faith shifted the negotiating process, for the next round, into the public forum. The public reactions, rebuttals and surrebuttals by Thieu, Kissinger, Thuy, Nixon, Moscow, Paris, Peking and even George McGovern must be understood as part of the continuing negotiations. Somewhere along the line the secret sessions, in which alone final agreement can be reached and put into mutually acceptable language, will be, or have been, resumed.

Neither the President nor Henry Kissinger has shown annoyance at Thieu's interventions, and indeed what Thieu has been doing can only strengthen their position if their aims are as they have described them: a peace with honor, a peace that will give the South Vietnamese a chance to determine their own fate, a peace that will be lasting. Thieu has been correct in his insistence that in the draft as it has so far been publicly presented there are ambiguities and omissions that endanger these aims.

Intense study of the Vietnam developments has been going on in every foreign office and intelligence agency. In both Southeast Asia and Europe this has tended to bear out Thieu's critique. It is no longer a question of whether the domino theory is true, one Asian analyst is reported as concluding, "it is a matter of watching the dominoes react." More than one have used the term "sellout" in private conversation. There is general astonishment that the Nixon Administration should have tried to work out a deal on South Vietnam with the North Vietnamese over the head of the government that rules more than 85 per cent of the South Vietnamese population. The concern, especially in Europe, is not so much over the fate of the South Vietnamese, as over American credibility.

If the North Vietnamese do really want peace, it is because they have been doing badly in the fighting. And if that is the case, they are not going to call off a deal because of temporary delays and demands for

"But why didn't they listen to me?"

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further clarification. Thieu's demands that, for example, regular North Vietnamese units should withdraw from South Vietnamese territory and that it must be made clear that the proposed tripartite electoral commission will not be or become a substitute government for South Vietnam are entirely reasonable by Mr. Nixon's own criteria. By insisting on them so stubbornly, Thieu is supporting American honor and interest as well as his own and his country's, and we must assume that Mr. Kissinger would have it no other way.

Ezra Pound, RIP

Wave falls and the hand falls
Thou shalt not always walk in the sun
or see weed sprout over cornice
Thy work in set space of years, not over an hundred.

Seven years ago we walked up the long steep *salita* from Rapallo to Sant' Ambrogio in the hills: the same path down which, twenty years before that, he had walked with a Confucius in his pocket, flanked by two men with tommy guns. He had been a few months short of sixty then. Now he was a few months short of eighty. He had the lungs and stamina of sixteen. I stopped and panted. He forged upward steadily, his stick thrusting piston-like at the ancient stones. The friend who telephoned with the news of his death remarked that we had come to think he was immortal.

Physical durability fostered that illusion; more magically, a mind active as if transcending time. Prompted by a question, he could bring Henry James before you: the hands clasped between the knees, the head hunched forward, the old slow voice teasing expectation with its halts in a mischievously interminable sentence. (Who is left now who knew Henry James?) Or from his bardic mood, you learned what it was like to hear Homer. (I have *heard* Homer.) In one of what Donald Carne-Ross has rightly called "the great ecumenical moments" of the *Cantos*, an eye in Pisa, 1945, sees the Italian earth animate as an early Greek eye would have seen it:

Mist covers the breasts of Tellus-Helena and drifts
up the Arno.

There was nothing romantic nor affected about that way of seeing. It was as natural to him as breathing. So was the Chinese way:

The reeds are heavy; bent;
and the bamboos speak as if weeping.

And his own special vision, which was of permanent voiceless things, luminous:

In mountain air the grass frozen emerald
and with the mind set on that light
saffron, emerald,
seeping.

Such exemptions from the time of mere events are beyond price. Men do not live in that universe of exemption, but men know what it is to be men, not brutes, not destroyers, in part because the imagination can live there. Pound was unlucky in the world of events; most of us are, though less so. It was only his miserable involvements with the events of the 1940s that prompted the wire services to chatter so much when he died. Otherwise *that* event would have been worth five lines.

Rituals in the one world simulate the other's timelessness. The black gondola in the photo in yesterday's paper, bearing his coffin to the island cemetery of San Michele, signified a human effort to gather one man's ultimate event into ritual. Language, more alive, can do more; using ritual language Pound imagined one aspect of a suitable Paradise, with a musician and two impassioned observers of the green world for his company. He does not mention that they would talk; talk breaks a holy silence. They would be company:

Yet to walk with Mozart, Agassiz and Linnaeus
'neath overhanging air under sun-beat
Here take thy mind's space.

—HUGH KENNER

Shelf Life

We pioneered packaging corn flakes
To sit on a shelf for a year.
It's safe to partake of bread that we bake
Weeks after the goodies appear.
How nice for the drudge in the kitchen
To know that there's nary a taint.
It never goes bad, but what do they add?
Try reading the label. You'll faint.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

In your brother John's recent plea to your brother Jim for augmented immunity against Zambian petulance, I was distressed to notice an impacted "hopefully," *viz.* ". . . for a 21-day period—hopefully not my last 21 days."

By long tradition and until quite recent times, "hopefully" has designated the spirit in which an action is performed. Thus Henry Kissinger is hopeful, full of hope, and he travels to Hanoi hopefully. Hopefully, he travels to Hanoi. Watch him beam. But the fountains of the great deep are currently misbehaving, as Russell Kirk will con-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Republican professionals from coast to coast are bitter about the President's strategy of piling up a meaningless popular-vote landslide while refusing to exert himself on behalf of other GOP candidates. As a result, the President may have a needlessly rocky second term. The trouble could start when Congress begins rooting around in the Watergate and other espionage/sabotage affairs. Some evidence seems to point toward the involvement of the President's top assistant, Bob Haldeman, and the President's Appointments Secretary, Dwight Chapin. The Democrats have nothing much against these two personally but a lot of Republicans do. Haldeman and Chapin are the two men who guard the gate of the Oval Office. The typical Republican senator has had the experience of calling the President and having his call shunted off to Haldeman, or to the 32-year-old Chapin, or to some Chapin assistant. If the Democrats attack Haldeman and Chapin, do not look for a lot of Republicans to rush to their defense.

■ If you seek a monument to the President's campaign strategy, look at Floyd Haskell, the new Democratic senator from Colorado. Haskell defeated Senate GOP Policy Committee Chairman Gordon Allott by less than twelve thousand votes. Allott would have won if the President had consented to make a campaign appearance in Colorado. Early in the campaign Clark MacGregor, the President's campaign manager, told Allott that the President would come to Colorado if Allott asked for him. Allott asked for the President, and was refused. Ten days before the election Allott had hard poll evidence that he needed a presidential visit. In the closing days of the campaign the President went to Oklahoma, New Mexico and Rhode Island. But the President could not be bothered to put Air Force One down at Denver's Stapleton Airport for a twenty-minute stop. The political operatives at the White House assured Allott they had reliable information that he was ahead by fifteen to twenty points.

■ Another seat that Nixon could have saved at no measurable cost to himself was that of Senator Caleb Boggs of Delaware. Boggs lost by a tiny margin to Joseph R. Biden Jr., the 29-year-old darling of the Council for a Livable World. And Mr. Nixon may live to rue the day. Lots of votes on defense matters have been close, have swung on how one or two senators voted. Biden is a dove, so is James Abourezk who took Karl Mundt's Senate seat. Abourezk, like Biden, is a candidate of the Council for a Livable World. Their election, plus Senator Haskell's, might conceivably cost Richard Nixon Trident.

■ Congressman Jack Culver of Iowa must be kicking himself. Because Senator Jack Miller looked unbeatable last summer, Culver decided against challenging him. So Richard Clark, Culver's former aide, was given the Democratic nomination. That was before good research turned up a damaging fact about Miller's voting record. Among the more than sixty amendments proposed to the horrendous Tax Reform Act of 1969 was a Miller amendment which seemed to be in the interest of some of his largest contributors.

■ Among the most interesting results on November 7 was the vote by Coloradans against hosting the 1976 Winter Olympics. The politicians and businessmen who got the Olympics awarded to Denver argued that the Games would stimulate the economic growth of Colorado. Coloradans rejected the Olympics primarily for that reason. This may have been the first time any state put to a vote the general idea of "growth." That is really what the Olympics vote was about, and growth lost badly.

■ If the Nixon landslide produced a net loss of two Republican senators, just imagine what is going to happen in 1974 when the Democrats are organized and the Nixon Administration has, well, lost its glamor. Of the fifteen Republicans whose terms expire in 1974, five may retire for reasons of age. They are: George Aiken of Vermont, Wallace Bennett of Utah, Norris Cotton of New Hampshire, Barry Goldwater of Arizona, Milton Young of North Dakota. In addition, Peter Dominick of Colorado may retire for reasons of health. And William Saxbe may return to Ohio to run for governor. That would mean there would be just eight Republicans running with the advantage of incumbency—if one can say that there is an advantage in being an incumbent after what happened this year when four Republican incumbents, Margaret Chase Smith, Gordon Allott, Jack Miller and Caleb Boggs, lost. Among them they had 66 years of seniority. —CATO

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firm, and almost simultaneously a few years ago Lake Erie brimmed with dead fish, Jane Fonda entertained her first thought, and a public lust after chic synonyms overwhelmed "hopefully," converting it into a lazy way of saying "I hope that." By this usage "Hopefully Henry Kissinger is off to Hanoi" no longer designates Henry's optimism, but only the fact that the framer of the utterance hopes he is going there.

It would seem a conservative virtue to eschew this rot, irreversible though it be. Members of your family bear, it seems to me, an especially grave responsibility, likely as their utterances are to be scrutinized by the impressionable and by lexicographers. It would grieve me, as I know it would you, to see the barbaric "hopefully" in Webster's Fourth, endorsed by an example attributed to "—Buckley."

Would remedial instruction in rhetoric be indicated? My first thought was that you might keep it in the family, but if you think it incestuous to undertake lexical osmosis yourself perhaps you may want to suggest to John, tactfully, that he engage an impartial expert. One comes to mind: a professional pedagogue who will have little to do after November 7 and is on record as being a student of the best rhetorical models. But perhaps you have a better suggestion than Arthur Schlesinger. Hopefully,

Hugh Kenner
U. of California,
Santa Barbara

■ Dear Bill:

What a deal I have for some sensible young conservatives! I need an editorial assistant, a secretary and two

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students to do graduate work in the Indiana University Journalism Department while gaining practical experience on this journal in Bloomington. I would have offered the whole package to Mr. and Mrs. Simonds of your city, but my agents tell me that without them NATIONAL REVIEW would slip into the hands of the Bolsheviks and Andy Warhol.

The editorial assistant should be able to read, write and, within a few weeks, take over the layout and production of the magazine. He should be serious about his business but conversant in the latest ribald drolleries circulating through the political world. He will also be expected to write a little, preferably in English. He should have at least a bachelor's degree.

The secretary should be able to type fifty words a minute, take shorthand and conform with the social and hygienic mores of the region.

The scholarships are for graduate work in journalism. They amount to $4,000 apiece. Applicants should have undergraduate degrees and be serious about pursuing journalistic careers. They should also have minimum grade averages of 3.00 on a 4.00 system. All résumés should be sent to me at The Establishment, RR #11 Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. Those I cannot use will be kept on file at our placement bureau for conservative journalists.

Thanks for your help. I must be off to my yoga lesson. Yours faithfully,

R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.
Editor,
The Alternative
RR #11, Box 360
Bloomington, Ind.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

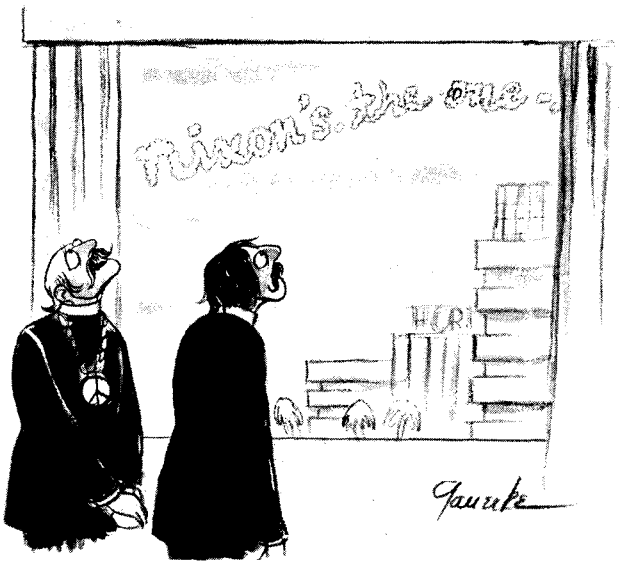
You and I stand on opposite sides of the political fence, so we must expect to differ over essentials of politics and policy.

You feel one way about most things, I feel another. You state your public positions, and I state mine. I feel prepared to back mine up, as I am sure you do. I cannot, however, defend myself against phrases that are mine only by the loosest construction, and I must therefore ask amends.

I was disturbed, therefore, to see your recent column (in the *Atlanta Journal*) so distort a speech I made before the Urban League in St. Louis that I can only assume you must have gotten your report of that speech from the *New York Times*.

Luckily, I have a copy of that speech, and am sending you a copy of the section in question. I'm sure it will not cause you to agree with me, but I hope it will cause you to see that I didn't say what you—and the *Times*—have said I have said in the way that you and the *Times* say I have said it.

The point I thought I was making was not that there are blacks who also are Republicans who will support the President for re-election, but that there has been created—deliberately, I think—a new political class among blacks who are Republicans through no allegiance to the party of Lincoln, but instead are loyal to the largesse they have received from the Federal Government under the Nixon Administration.



"You didn't see a plane, Reverend, and I didn't see a plane, but we've got to believe there was a plane."

These operatives will urge black votes for Nixon, while others—purporting to be more "militant" than these first (or than me) will urge blacks to see the November elections as a contest between two white men, and therefore not worth the participation of America's blacks.

In either case, the result will be the same, actual votes for Nixon, or no votes at all, which are actually Nixon votes. Sincerely,

Julian Bond
House of Representatives
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Mr. Bond: I am surprised that you automatically conclude that a distortion of your speech must have resulted from my following an account of it in the New York Times, *which in fact I did. But I also sent out to the NAACP for the full text, and was given it, subject to the understanding that you might have altered it at the moment of delivery. In any case, we have now your clarification. Yours faithfully,* —*WFB*

■ Dear Sir:

Would appreciate very much receiving a word or two stating that you are *not* a member of the blood-stained CFR. I will be happy to relay this on to some friends who believe differently. Thank you.

Don Bennett
787 S. Rt. 83
Elmhurst, Ill.

Dear Mr. Bennett: No, I am not, but I was a member of the blood-stained United States Infantry. Yours, —**WFB**

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Doing Business with the Kremlin: II

JAMES BURNHAM

IN *NR*'s last issue I discussed some of the objections to doing business with Communist nations, in particular with the Soviet Union. I expressed the opinion that, formidable as these are, they will not deter American corporations, now that the governments have lowered if not yet removed the bars. Since this is going to happen, the question arises whether there are any accompanying actions we might take to reduce or counterbalance the damage and danger.

Trade between two advanced nations with market economies is, or is assumed to be, self-justifying. Corporation X in nation A does business with Corporation Y in nation B. Both X and Y expect to make a profit on the deal. Both A and B assume that the transactions will be in the interest of their respective economies and citizens.

Monopoly state ownership and the state monopoly of foreign trade create a fundamentally different structure. In business between two advanced capitalist nations, economics normally takes precedence over politics. In business between a capitalist nation and a Communist nation, politics takes precedence over economics. The transaction is first of all political, dominated by a political confrontation between the Communist and non-Communist governments. The balance sheet on the transaction cannot be calculated in purely economic terms. Even at the economic level, it is impossible to translate cost and price figures. But beyond the economic, the balance sheet would be irrelevant if it did not take into account political gains and losses.

The Communist regime in the Soviet Union will most certainly benefit politically from the expansion of trade with the U.S. Much of this benefit will be potentially dangerous to the U.S. as well as injurious to the Soviet peoples and the subject nations.

The key problem of doing business profitably with the Kremlin is, therefore, the righting of the political compartment of the balance.

Strategy of Counterbalance

This principle is implicit in the Senate resolution that would make ending the Soviet exit tax a condition of granting the Soviet Union most-favored-nation trade status. And it is widely believed that the White House used the grain deal to get Soviet help toward peace in Vietnam.

These two instances are in the right direction, but they are tactical rather than strategic. What makes the Soviet regime peculiarly dangerous to our interest and security, obnoxious to our moral sense, and barbaric to its own subjects, is its totalitarian character. Of course any strong nation is potentially dangerous to every other. But when two nations are reasonably open, to each other and within, there is a chance for intercommunication and interaction to weave cooperative links and to permit mediation of conflicts. Totalitarian states (Communist like Nazi) are by their nature police states, barracks states, siege states, both in their relations with other states—witness the borders of Communist nations—and in their internal social structure—witness the never-ending purge. Totalitarianism is by its nature a war regime, in permanent war against its own subjects and the outer world.

If, therefore, we seek to counterbalance the liabilities in doing business with the Kremlin, the strategic objective should be to exploit any leverage the transactions offer to loosen Soviet totalitarianism; to raise the Curtain and open up the Communist territory, in all directions and to everyone.

The most promising method for producing antitotalitarian effects would be to concentrate trade expansion in the satellite nations of the Soviet bloc rather than in the Soviet Union proper. This would promote in those nations the pull toward the West that most of them feel in any case, and could strengthen economic foundations for more independence in relation to the Kremlin and to Russian totalitarianism. Unfortunately, both Mr. Nixon and American big business prefer an opposite priority.

But even in relation to the Soviet Union there is no reason to be shy about bringing up de-totalitarianizing proposals. The Kremlin has a desperate need for those huge mountains of grain, and urgently wants help with technological and industrial development. Up to now there are few signs that the Nixon Administration has used this advantageous conjuncture for systematic antitotalitarian pushing.

It would seem quite in order for a chief U.S. negotiator to say to the Kremlin, in substance:

"You want to do a lot of big-time business with us. Our businessmen like to make a dollar, as you know, and we're ready to go ahead. But for us to do business on such a scale, our people have got to be able to get in and out freely and in large numbers, and to go freely all around your country, so that they can see the cities, farms, railroads, oil and gas fields, factories and mines, and meet the people they'll be involved with. The same goes the other way—for your people to get out and travel freely around our country. And we're not going to understand each other unless our newspapers, magazines, books, movies and TV shows circulate freely.

Why Not Join the World?

"We'll have to have a good many people in your country, and vice versa: engineers, accountants, lawyers, technicians, scientists etc. to carry on the business. They don't want to live in a restricted compound as most foreigners do now and as our people would in the big new foreign trade center now being talked about, but to be free to rent a house or apartment anywhere, the way they do in London, Brussels, Paris or Bonn. And these purge trials you've been having, this habit of locking dissidents up in mental hospitals and all that turns opinion off in our country. There would be more support for this trade buildup if you stopped that sort of thing. Why not bring out a complete edition of Solzhenitsyn? We'll supply a new computer-run printing system to produce it.

"Why not, in short, join the world?" □

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It was Orson Welles' invasion from Mars all over again when the Club of Rome report appeared. Mr. Beckerman does a masterly job of debunking the environmental doomsayers

The Myth of Environmental Catastrophe

WILFRED BECKERMAN

DURING the past few years the objective of continued economic growth has been attacked from two main directions. First, it has been argued that further economic growth is undesirable since it doesn't really make people any happier. The fact that people in the Western world now live longer; are much healthier and better fed; have more material comfort, education, leisure, opportunities to travel, and so on; have a generally wider range of the cultural possibilities and are less ravaged by such diseases as TB, diphtheria and polio, are of little importance beside the minor inconveniences and loss of privileges which are resented by a segment of society. But this particular line of attack can never be decisively defeated since, in the end, it turns on one's definition of happiness, and this is not an objective question that can be decided by appeal to facts. It is an ethical judgment and nobody can prove that somebody else's view as to what constitutes happiness is "wrong" in any way.

More recently, however, a second line of attack on economic growth has developed, one that purports to be highly technical and scientific. This approach is epitomized in the recent Club of Rome report, based on research carried out by a team under Dennis Meadows at MIT using a computerized model originally developed by Professor Forrester of MIT*. This report does not say that economic growth fails to make us happier; it says that in the longer run economic growth is simply impossible, and that unless steps are taken to bring it to a halt now the end will come suddenly and abruptly, as a result of pollution, exhaustion of raw materials, and

starvation of the excessive world population. Because the report has the superficial appearance of a scientific study, it has made an impact on a great many people who assume that whatever comes out of a computer must be technically sound.

But a computer merely works out the implications of the assumptions and instructions that are fed into it. And the assumptions in this case are generally absurd, and have practically no factual basis. As Sir Eric Ashby (the chairman of the British Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution) put it, "If you feed doom-laden assumptions into computers it is not surprising that they predict doom." The tables, diagrams, computer printouts and the like in the report are all so much window-dressing to impress the casual reader; what really matters is the instructions that were fed to the computer. Furthermore, the study is full of glaring errors of logic, not to mention a naïve belief in the extent to which human beings can be expected to abandon all aspirations for improved standards of living and to embrace self-denying, ascetic philosophies that have been preached largely in vain for thousands of years.

It is impossible to list in a few pages all the flaws in this pretentious piece of what the (London) *Times* Higher Education Supplement called "pseudo-science at its worst." The following sampling will have to suffice.

'Garbage in; Garbage out'

First, as regards pollution, the study categorically states that the few kinds of pollution that have actually been measured over time seem to be increasing exponentially. In Britain this is known to be plainly wrong, since there has been a dramatic reduction in air pollution in most British cities over the past decade or so, following legislation introduced in the 1950s. Also, a recent national survey of British rivers shows that these have improved, over-all, in the past decade. Of course, there will always be somebody who can point to some oyster bed having been damaged recently or some reduction in the number of salmon in an isolated stream in Scotland, but oysters and salmon do not play a big part in the lives of the vast majority of the British people (who do, however, spend an awful lot of time breathing).

The reduction in pollution in Britain has come as a result of deliberate public

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* Meadows and others, *Limits to Growth*.

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policy, leading to legislation of the type that many other countries, including the United States, are now adopting.

The Club of Rome report states that it will be impossible to reduce pollution adequately since to do so would cost too much. This assertion is accompanied by a table that is completely irrelevant (but no doubt impressive to some laymen) purporting to show how costs escalate as sulfur dioxide levels in one U.S. city are reduced. Why does the report not show far more relevant figures, such as that the virtual elimination of air pollution in London has cost only about forty cents per annum per capita of the London population, or the estimates by the U.S. Council on Environmental Quality that reductions in air pollution (from stationary sources) in U.S. cities by about 90 per cent over the next few years will cost less than 1 per cent of total U.S. national product?

The second main group of implausible assumptions underlying the Club of Rome report gives rise to its predictions that the world will run out of raw materials within the next century. This is based on tables that compare the present level of proved reserves with the rate at which they are being used up, in order to reach the apparently irrefutable conclusion that these reserves will be exhausted in about fifty to a hundred years' time. But precisely the same calculation could have been carried out at any time in the past, and yet economies have continued to grow and supplies have been forthcoming. For what happens is that supplies of materials have also increased at exponential rates of growth parallel to the increase in demand. Of course, there will never be any incentive to find supplies large enough to last mankind to the end of eternity. If there were, say, enough proved reserves of nickel to last for the next ten thousand years or so it is hardly likely that any firms would be paying geologists to prospect for more nickel. At any moment of time it is only necessary to have enough supplies to meet prospective demands at prices that cover the cost of exploration and development.

It is astonishing, moreover, that a study which makes such a fuss about its great discovery of "feedback" mechanisms should make no explicit allowance for the effect of rising demands for raw materials on their prices and hence on the incentive to further exploration, substitution, recycling and so on. The Club of Rome report implicitly assumes that all raw materials will be exhausted simultaneously and suddenly, as in science-fiction stories in which some bug from outer space eats up all the minerals or vegetation.

In fact, some respectable estimates suggest that natural deposits of minerals in the top mile of the earth's crust are about one million times as great as present known reserves, which would take us to the year 100,000,000 A.D. before mining techniques would have to be substantially improved. Almost all scientists now agree that inexhaustible supplies of energy from nuclear fission, and later from fusion, will be available within the next fifty years, and energy can always be exchanged for raw materials since it will provide the key to cheap extraction and processing.

Anyway, even if we should run out of some particular mineral, so what? We have managed perfectly well up to now without any supplies at all of Beckermonium, a product named after my grandfather who failed to discover it in the nineteenth century. To put it another way, if, say, nickel had never been discovered, would modern civilization never have emerged?

The third main error in the report concerns the population problem. It is probably true that the population of most of the developing countries is growing too fast from the point of view of their ability rapidly to achieve improvements in standards of living. But all these countries are well aware of the problem and are already trying hard to reduce their birth rates. Many of them, particularly in Southeast Asia, India and the Caribbean, have had some success, in spite of great sociological, economic, political and religious obstacles. Naturally, there is a time lag between the reduction in birth rates and death rates, so populations will continue to increase for many years. But as long as their birth rates *are* being gradually brought down, and their governments *are* aware of the problem, it is difficult to see what the Club of Rome report contributes to the solution. The Club of Rome seems to believe that the governments of the poorer countries will read the report and say, "Good Heavens, if we don't do something about our population, the world will be overpopulated by the year 2070!" If this is the Club's view of how the world operates, one is tempted to ask how silly one has to be in order to be admitted.

The irony of it all is that if one voices any reservations about the Club of Rome study, some people react by pointing to the poverty and misery in many parts of the world as if this justifies the analysis of the report and provides a condemnation of the complacency alleged to lie behind any criticism of its findings. But the existence of widespread poverty throughout the world does not substantiate the analysis of the report; it refutes it. For it shows that the various trends under examination are not synchronized in all countries but occur at different stages of their history. We need not wait until 2070 before there is a population problem. Most poor countries have one already, and they do not need a computer to tell them.

On the Bright Side

The advanced countries also went through a phase in which the reduction in death rates preceded the fall in birth rates, but their populations are now growing at fairly modest rates. (In fact, if some recent trends in birth rates in the United Kingdom were to be extrapolated blindly, in the Club of Rome manner, there would be nobody alive in Britain within about two hundred years.) The developing countries are now going through a similar stage, in which, first, the incentive to have large families as an insurance against high rates of infant mortality is reduced; and

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then the economic incentives to have fewer children and to spend more money on material goods takes over; and then, finally, the economic development of the country permits the evolution of the necessary social and educational conditions for birth control to be generally applied. To stop economic growth is the surest way to postpone these latter two stages in the reduction of birth rates. It is no good saying that it is only the economic growth of the rich countries that should be stopped, for without their expanding output and hence increasing demand for the raw materials and simpler manufactured goods from the developing countries, the growth of the latter would also come to an end, and their mass poverty would never be eradicated. When I defend economic growth in public I am invariably accused of being complacent, short-sighted, Micawberish, ostrichlike, insensitive to the sufferings of humanity and so on. But these are all merely adjectives; and the objective facts of the situation demonstrate that, even if it were possible to stop economic growth in a democratic society, the standards of living of the mass of the world's population would remain low indefinitely and possibly fall even lower. Judging by their attitudes at the recent mammoth United Nations Environmental Jamboree in Stockholm, most of the developing countries of the world are well aware of this.

One interesting feature of the Club of Rome study is that its authors (probably aware of its weaknesses?) have constructed, in advance, a sort of defense in depth. First, in case some readers see through the smokescreen of irrelevant figures and charts to the absence of any firm factual basis, it is argued that, since many of the assumptions have to be based on inadequate data, the authors have gone to the trouble of checking that their results are substantially unaffected by large variations, of a more "optimistic" character, in the assumptions. For example, they state that their model predicts the same catastrophe even under the very "optimistic" assumptions that the ratio of pollution output is reduced to one-quarter of its present level. But, in fact, this is a wildly *pessimistic* assumption. The pollution targets embodied in current U.S. legislation are already much more stringent than this, and over the next hundred years it can be expected that far more progress will be made in reducing pollution. In several instances, technical progress has enabled the pollution/output ratio to be reduced a hundredfold at moderate cost, such as in the pulp and paper industry and some branches of the chemical and oil refining industry. Similarly, their report's most optimistic assumption for food output is that "the normal yield per hectare of all the world's land can be further increased by a factor of two." But cereal yields have roughly doubled in the past six years alone in India and Pakistan on account of the Green Revolution. If these trends are extrapolated exponentially, à la Club of Rome, one would no doubt still find that catastrophe will occur since by the year 2070 the entire surface of the earth would be covered in rice to a depth of three feet!

All this illustrates a fundamental error of logic in the report, namely that it is impossible to know what is an "optimistic" assumption in the absence of empirical data on which estimates of probabilities can be based. If I assumed that I would win with a single stake on a single number at roulette I would be making an "optimistic" assumption because I have enough data to know that the probabilities are nearly 40 to 1 against me, but if I am betting on red against black the data indicate a much higher probability of winning (though, sadly, a smaller amount since other people can perform the same calculation). In fact, the "optimistic" assumptions with which the report experiments are wildly pessimistic in the light of such empirical information as is available.

Furthermore, the report does not try to find out what would happen if slightly more optimistic assumptions were to be made *simultaneously* for all the main constraints on growth identified in their model—i.e., pollution, raw materials and the food/population balance. Of course, if the individual constraints are relaxed one at a time, or even two together, as is done in the report, then the model must show that, sooner or later, the world economy will run up against the remaining constraint. For example, if more optimistic assumptions are to be made for pollution and raw materials supply, but not for food, then it is obviously true—and again we do not need to be blinded with computer printouts to tell us—that the world would eventually run up against the constraint of food supply for the expanding population. Similarly, if the food supply constraint were to be relaxed but not the pollution constraint, then sooner or later we would all be asphyxiated or poisoned. The Science Policy Research Unit at the University of Sussex in Britain has recently estimated (also aided by a computer) the effect of *simultaneously* making only slightly more optimistic assumptions for *all* the constraints in the model, and finds no catastrophe at all!

A Serious Distraction

But the Club of Rome has also prepared a further line of defense, namely that even if their model is far from perfect it is the best we have, and since it implies that failure to stop growth now will lead to catastrophic consequences for the world in the long run, it would be prudent to be on the safe side and act on its conclusions. But this, too, is a simple logical error, in that it overlooks the costs of stopping growth now. Here, I am not referring to the enormous political and social cost (since it is hardly conceivable that economic growth as an objective of policy could be abandoned except under a dictatorship) but the cost in terms of the output sacrificed in the immediate future. It only makes sense to give up this output if the probabilities of the report being correct about the longer run justify doing so. It is not enough to say that it

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LETTER FROM OTTAWA

Out of the Frying Pan

DONALD COXE

PETER REGENSTREIF paced restlessly around the television studio as the early returns came in. Regenstreif is a pollster who has demonstrated an almost mystical prescience in recent Canadian elections. As the Maritime and Quebec votes were relayed to us, Regenstreif became ebullient. "That's it; it's game over," he exclaimed shortly after the polls in Toronto closed. "A clear Liberal majority, 145 seats minimum." Like other pollsters, Regenstreif had previously been cautious about predicting a majority for the Liberals, but he and Gallup agreed that the Liberals under Pierre Trudeau enjoyed almost as much nationwide support as they had in 1968 when they won 155 (out of 264) seats in Parliament.

At 7:28 the devastatingly braless girl who was distributing the wire-service results handed Regenstreif the first returns from Ontario—from two polls in a Riding held by a Liberal cabinet minister. Regenstreif went white, and shouted, "Christ, there it goes; it's 118 seats max." Those scattered early returns showing a close race in a Riding the Liberals carried massively in 1968 were, as Regenstreif correctly analyzed, the first evidence of an astounding change in sentiment. The rest of the evening was filled with reports of Liberal disasters. When it was all over the Liberals had won in only one province, the Tories in eight, and one was tied. The Tories had 108 seats and the Liberals one hundred and nine. Trudeau retained his 61 seats in Quebec and Acadian New Brunswick, but lost exactly half his seats in English Canada. The Tories lost two of their four seats in Quebec, but smashed the Liberals everywhere west of Quebec. The Socialist NDP gained five seats at the expense of the Liberals—all outside Quebec. The long-dreaded event had occurred: Canadian election results were divided along French/English lines, impairing the fragile unity of the nation.

An editorial writer for *Le Devoir*, Canada's leading French newspaper, summed it up: "English Canada this week chose to separate from us."

Since the anti-Liberal tide was not identified by any pollster, observers have concluded that "undecided" voters in English Canada actually planned to vote against Trudeau's "pro-French" policies but were unwilling to reveal these views to canvassers for fear of being identified as bigots (a syndrome similar to that of the pro-Wallace voters in some recent U.S. primaries). Trudeau had been aggressive about forcing bilingualism in the Canadian civil service, with the objective of making it possible for French Canadians everywhere in Canada to communicate with their government. Although this meant requiring bureaucrats across Canada to learn French, and led to numerous absurdities, Trudeau was not being partisan: The Canadian Constitution guarantees full equality to the French language, so Trudeau's apparent effrontery was grounded in strict constructionism. It is ironic that Trudeau's defense of constitutional liberties proved so disastrous for him, because in other ways he showed scant regard for constitutional limitations on his power. The voters had a veritable smorgasbord of reasons for voting against Trudeau, but they apparently chose what even Tory Robert Stanfield agreed was a non-issue as the basis for their decision.

ANOTHER ironic result is that Socialist David Lewis can exert immense leverage in the balance of power, even though the voters did not respond to his demagogically anti-business campaign. The NDP gained only five seats, but no party can hold office without its support. As Lewis was gloating about the result, he indicated that he would not support any party that permitted the building of a pipeline from the rich gas fields in the Mackenzie Delta area of the Arctic to the United States. This triggered heavy selling of exploration company stocks on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Since the U.S. Office of Emergency Preparedness has said that Mackenzie Delta gas is needed in the United States to help solve a growing energy crisis, it is particularly unfortunate that Lewis should have such power.

Robert Stanfield has had some unruly new Tories added to his caucus. Some of the men from the prairies who toppled Liberals have done little to disavow anti-French propaganda in their own campaigns. Among the gamier of the new MPs is Flora MacDonald, a leading member of the vehemently anti-American Committee for an Independent Canada. She claims that the Liberals have been too friendly toward the U.S. and vows that a Tory government will do something about the Yankees. She is not alone in her views: The *Toronto Star* has always been the voice of the left flank of the Liberal Party and has never failed to endorse the Liberals, federally and provincially. Yet in this election the *Star* shocked its readers with an endorsement of the Tories on the ground that something stronger needed to be done about American domination of Canada.

THE TORY upsurge is thus not an occasion for unconfined joy. However, the transcendent fact remains: Trudeau's spell is gone. The McLuhanesque approach to rule that made Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber describe Trudeau as "the only truly modern political figure in the Western world" failed to protect him against an aroused electorate. When he appeared on television late election night, he was transformed. Instead of the coruscating character who dominated the medium, we saw a tired, gaunt figure who looked as if he had given blood that day and the nurse had failed to turn off the machine. I felt sorry for Trudeau as I watched him struggle through a short prepared speech. "This is how the world ends," Eliot wrote, "not with a bang, but a whimper." As Trudeau faded from power, the questions about the viability of Canada with an evident deep racial split began to be asked.

The answers may not be long in coming. □

Mr. Coxe, NR's Canadian correspondent, appeared on television the night of the elections as one of the Tory-oriented commentators.

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NOTES FROM POLAND

Behind the Looking Glass

A. T. JORDAN

CROSSING the Iron Curtain into Poland is rather like stepping through the looking glass into a world where the familiar political labels no longer fit. Notions of "Right" and "Left," "conservative" and "liberal" have little meaning in a country where the most reactionary faction uses for its emblem the hammer and sickle.

Aside from conventional labels, Poland is a strictly conservative nation. When Edward Gierek became First Secretary of the Party and wanted to win public favor he knew what to do: He promised to rebuild the Royal Castle in Warsaw exactly as it was before the Nazis razed it in 1944. Donations poured in, even though people complain —with good reason—about poverty and shortages. Whatever his motives, Gierek in this case displayed a keen understanding of his people. The intensity of shared feelings is extraordinarily high among the Poles. The instinct for closing ranks, the spirit of the beleaguered fort, always strong in Poland, was further strengthened after the war when it became one of the most ethnically homogeneous nations of Europe. In 1939 minorities constituted almost a third of the population; after 1945 the Ukrainians and White Ruthenians remained in the provinces annexed by the Soviet Union, the Germans fled to the West and most of the surviving Jews emigrated, with the result that at least 96 per cent of the inhabitants of Poland are now ethnic Poles. The racial tensions and ethnically inspired political movements which assume an increasingly disruptive role in the United States are thus totally absent in Poland. There is, on the other hand, a strong feeling of tribal unity, a family atmosphere, helped by the forcible elimination of former class distinctions.

One practical consequence of this phenomenon is that a woman can walk without apprehension at night in any city street or park. This is not due to heavier police protection—on the contrary, there are fewer policemen to be seen than in New York. It is simply a matter of social cohesion and solidarity

—any offender would find the entire community ranged against him.

The high level of personal honesty is certainly not the product of the Communist system. Quite the opposite—the system introduced a double ethical standard, under which taking from a state plant or enterprise is not considered as reprehensible as private stealing.

AN AMERICAN psychiatrist said recently that loneliness is the most pressing problem facing America today and the one with the most serious psychological consequences for a major part of the population. I doubt if there are many lonely people in Poland, for the warm and affectionate nature of the Poles drives them into clusters that give each member a strong sense of belonging, a sense of security comparable to that which Americans derive from their material possessions. Since these groups overlap, almost everyone has a personal link with hundreds of other people. These links cut across party lines and take precedence over them. A devout Catholic can be friendly with a dedicated Communist and the difference in their philosophies would not necessarily impair their affection (though people naturally tend to associate with those of like views. A phrase heard very often is: "He is a decent fellow though a party member").

Although Communist schools have been teaching a censored version of modern history for a quarter of a century, I found that young people in their twenties—who cannot remember the prewar period—had a remarkably accurate knowledge of events passed over in silence by the official educators. Everyone knows about the Katyn massacre and about the way the Soviet Army waited at the gates of Warsaw during the Rising, to give the Nazis time to destroy Warsaw and exterminate its population.

THE WARSAW Rising is one traumatic event that still dominates the minds of the Polish people—and no wonder. History knows no parallel to the desperate battle waged for 63 days by the entire population of a city against overwhelming odds. Out of 1.25 million inhabitants of Warsaw, 250,000 lost their lives in the fighting. (I could not help remembering these figures when a bearded American raved in a Paris bistro about "genocide" at Kent State.) The memory of the Rising acts as a deterrent against any rash impulse that might cost lives. While they honor the heroes of the Rising, Poles realize that it was a futile sacrifice, which they do not intend to repeat.

Polish students are very different from their American counterparts. There is no evidence of any kind of generation gap—at any rate no one talks about it. All the young people I talked to spoke with affection and respect about their fathers, especially those who had fought in the Resistance during the war.

Each country has its official ideology, with a rigid doctrine and a body of dogma: Poland, Marxism-Leninism and the United States, liberalism. Both share many of the same absurdities, but the difference is that in Poland political

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Mr. Jordan, a freelance journalist and frequent visitor to Poland, was organizer of Polish-Americans for Buckley in 1970.

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THE CAMPUS SCENE

God and Counterculture

PETER N. EHRMANN

LAST JUNE, when my sister went directly from the upper half of her graduating class at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee to working counters at a local ice-cream emporium, I was crude enough (she thought) to prescribe a similar course for all university graduates, in order to ease their reentry into the real world by lessening the culture shock—sort of the ice-cream parlor as decompression chamber idea.

The following September *I* entered UW-M, adroit enough, I thought, to keep the door between both worlds (the real one and UW-M's) ajar just a crack—enough to draw in great gulps of fresh air whenever the danger of lapsing into the intellectual stupor that most students inevitably fall into in the course of matriculation became too great.

The damn place was out to get me.

It is axiomatic that most universities are in the hands of leftists and liberals, and in this respect UW-M sits comfortably in the mainstream of things. But while I wasn't surprised by the university's political hue, I was jolted to discover the extent to which the place was infected (there are only three Republicans on the faculty, with the rest running the gamut from liberal to radical-kooky).

Having political ambitions the scope of which might startle even LBJ, I embarked on a course of study designed to provide a grounding in theoretical politics to supplement my "grass-roots" participation. What follows is a listing of my first semester courses, with the descriptions of same from the school catalog, and my own account of the sort of things that happened.

101. Introduction to Philosophy. I, II; 3 cr. Introduction to philosophic thinking through examination of such problems as freedom, knowledge and estimating what is worthwhile.

I must confess that a month into the course I dropped out, having estimated it to be not worthwhile. (See how much I learned in a month?) But that was time enough, I think, to get the flavor, or drift, of the course. Presiding was Dr. David Hull, immoderately coiffed but neat, who inaugurated class by trumpeting his greatest accolade: a student had thanked him for "f------ up" his mind. Then Dr. Hull labored for the greater part of an hour to impress on us that God is not all good because He allows evil to occur; that He's not all powerful because He doesn't prevent evil from happening; and evil exists because it happens. Skeptics were dismissed as mystics or loners (I personally qualify for the latter camp, although I will admit to having several mystical experiences—most often during Philosophy class).

In the course of introducing us to Bertrand Russell just subsequent to a lesson in elementary logic, it was explained that Russell passed time in jail "even though he was one of the greatest minds in history, was the son of a prime minister, and was a peer"—the point being, presumably, that there is no logic in incarcerating intelligent, nobly bred people, the law of the land notwithstanding.

The church's role in denying Russell his basic rights was not disclosed. Nor was there any indication given of the progress made by university philosophy instructors in supplanting religion as the world's foremost evil perpetrator, though there is cause to believe that great strides are being made.

241. Introductory Ethics. I, II; 3 cr. Development of moral ideas. (My emphasis.) *Criticism of ethical theories and of social institutions such as state, property and family.*

The latter part of the course description was emphasized with great relish by Jim Shultz, the blue-jeaned, pony-tailed MA in charge (theoretically, anyway), whose instructions at the outset of class were: 1) to wear name tags; 2) to arrange the chairs in a circle, wagontrain style (probably to keep us well protected from any marauding ideas); and 3) to come prepared everyday for some "heavy rapping." With that the instruction ended.

We spent the initial class sessions wrangling over grading and class procedure, having been steered away from the traditional grading system by Jim, who regarded it as a tool of "big business" and an insurmountable hurdle for students of the Lower Classes unable to cope with the Competitive Grind (part and parcel of the Capitalist Plot). Which was the signal for me to enter the fray, extolling the virtues of competition in the classroom: "Why shouldn't I strive to do better than Jerry or Dan [there is something to be said for name tags after all]?" The answer to which was nothing, if one desired to become president of General Motors—which reply was intended to sting. Taking a different tack, I asked Jim what he conceived his role to be in class, only to have him throw the ball back to me; I bobbled, and it was stolen by Jerry or Dan or somebody and dribbled out of bounds, where it remained. Which is a metaphorical way of saying that my question was never answered, though everybody took a crack at it.

CONCERNING the grading procedure it was decided that each student would grade himself—never mind the lack of incentive built into it. In that light it was hardly surprising to have at least one-half the class regularly absent; not that it mattered, as compulsory attendance was thrown out the window with the grading system, exams and regular assignments.

Jim was a dedicated revolutionist, quite unabashed, forever drawing an analogy between the system and a rubber tire: "Reformists patch a little here, add some bubble gum here, and a new hole pops up here. We need a whole new tire." And if, in order to get it, it becomes necessary to blow up the rubber or bubble-gum factory, contemporary ethics provide the rationale, as we learned later when Jim endorsed the bombing of government buildings on the grounds that it's property of a government whose only concern is oppressing people at all levels.

Concerning the police Jim was equally innovative, venturing to sug-

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gest that they're totally unnecessary, not to mention shot through with brutality and racism. In their stead we could rely on our friends and neighbors to protect us; look for someone "with human sensitivity who can laugh, instead of a cop," because you can "count on your friends"—which pronouncement might read well on the tombstone of Kitty Genovese, who was desperate enough to rely on the human sensitivity of a building full of people and was killed for her trouble.

When Attica exploded on the national scene Jim decided to poke around the ethics (or lack of them, he thought) of the whole business, because in his view "it all comes down to racism, because we're willing to do all sorts of things to people who aren't white human beings." A ninety-minute discussion ensued, on the proposition that each of us was being held at gunpoint by a prisoner, with the cops outside straining to bust in; what do we do? (I dispatched my captor in short order with karate chops, so the bulk of my time was spent plugged into a more fruitful line of thought.) At the bell we were asked to conjure up the most immoral thing that could be done, for a discussion of the ethical properties next class. In a flash I concluded that the most immoral act I could commit would be to return to class. Accordingly, I didn't, for an entire week, until lured back by the prospect of three easy, effortless credits.

211. Elementary Logic. I, II; 3 cr. Problems and methods of reasoning; the testing of arguments, construction of proofs, and recognition of fallacies. Introduction to the subject matter of logic.

To his everlasting credit, Dr. Bob Keim, although unkempt and pony-tailed, strove to keep his lectures free of ideological taint. The single revealing lapse occurred two days prior to the latest Moratorium day, when he asked what we had in mind for the Big Day, admonishing us not to "respond to pressure." Long seconds of buzzing followed, and finally a single hand slowly ascended somewhere up in front of the hall. "Can you show how to do the obverse of that thing you did before?"

So, as Pete Hamill might rave, while arms, legs, and faces are being blown off five thousand miles away in the jungles of Southeast Asia, we set off to find the obverse of whatever it was we set off to find the obverse of.

On the day in question class was suspended, by unanimous consent, in order to allow Dr. Keim to participate in the Moratorium.

421. Political Parties. I, II; 3 cr. The organization and functions of parties in the American political process, with emphasis on recent trends.

Which, for a change, was precisely what we got, from Dr. John Bibby, who not only wore clean clothes and cut his hair regularly, but is one of the three aforementioned Republicans on the faculty. Definitely the semester's silver lining.

450. The Politics of Urban Conflict. Sem.; 3 cr. A perspective on cities, stressing the political consequences of social and economic heterogeneity and the uneven response of government to racial, ethnic and other groups.

Even more unbalanced than the response of government was the approach taken by Dr. Ted Hayes, whose own perspective on urban conflict was summed up in his early statement that "we've moved the masses into the cities so they can more easily be controlled." To corroborate that view four texts were required, three of which were not available at the university's bookstore. For those it was necessary to patronize the Rhubarb Bookstore in downtown Milwaukee, which caters to those whose primary interest is the latest thought of Chairman Mao or the newest issue of the Panther newspaper.

Dr. Hayes was forever building his case against America by citing the lack of police review boards, pointing to our latest purchase of South African sugar, and through the frequent use of films like *The News Reel*, which charges that the Du Pont family has Delaware in a death-grip.

Another plank in his broad indictment was that there exists an Establishment conspiracy to keep teachers of his ilk out of academe ("Imagine, there are 1,500 universities, and not one Marxist teacher in any of them"). Concerning that situation Dr. Hayes qualifies as an expert, having himself been denied tenure at UW-M. His version (with which he wasted half of one class period) was that he was being persecuted because he doesn't "wear a tie." But his champion effrontery was reserved for an article in the *UW-M Post* in which he charged the university with purging radicals from faculty rolls with impunity, as evidenced by the fact that, with his dismissal, "only one-half the faculty could be considered radical"—which datum can be construed, well, ambiguously (is the glass half-empty or half-full?).

"We've called this faculty meeting to discuss the decline of the academy image—causes, solutions."

(Continues on page 1315)

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Chaff about Wheat

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

WHEAT, of all things, has been making the headlines in recent weeks as if it were married to a Greek shipping lord. There has been the announcement of general crop failures in the Communist world, an enormous sale by American exporters, accusations of "windfall" profits by those exporters, guarantees of higher-than-market prices for wheat and even for the shipowners who transport it to the Soviet Paradise, the decision of the longshoremen's union to abandon its long-established policy of refusing to work vessels under Soviet flag—and so on and so forth. Wheat, quite clearly, is a "problem."

Now the interesting thing is that there is no reason why wheat intrinsically should be a problem, as, for example, carbon monoxide is a problem. Men of average ability can cooperate with the Lord's creation in such a way as to produce wheat in abundance; mechanisms can match up supply and demand as they do for hundreds, nay thousands, of other commodities; transportation can be arranged at less than the presidential level for wheat as it is routinely for, say, cornflakes or narcotics. What's so special, and what's so especially problematical, about wheat?

I submit that the special characteristic is governmental intervention. Across the sea, in the Soviet Paradise, where the farmers in czarist days never failed to export their agricultural production to Europe and Asia, the intrusion of a crazy political ideology has converted abundance into penury, an agricultural exporter into an importer. On this side of the water, the intrusion of an equally crazy political ideology has distorted just about every aspect of wheat economics. You can't plant wheat without a license. Trafficking in licenses is a crime. General tax revenues are used to prop up the domestic price of wheat, raising the cost of living. If a wheat exporter sells wheat at less than the domestic price, the Department of Agriculture will make up the difference. So, general tax revenues are used to depress the world price. Exporters can gamble on varying differentials in the daily quotes, and apply for subsidies calling for larger payments than needed to offset their actual losses. In the recent sale of wheat to the Soviet Paradise, this system alone cost the taxpayers $120 million. Some "sale"! The artificially swollen price for domestic wheat encourages perennial over-production and embarrassing "surpluses" that, in merely economic terms, are as surely a sign of coercive distortion as the "shortages" created by Soviet ideology in the historic breadbasket of Europe.

As for transportation, the two meddling governments, Washington and Moscow, have agreed to pay more than the market rate for shipping. General tax revenues will be used to line the pockets of the shipowners. By political agreement, one-third of the wheat transported from the U.S. to the USSR must go in American bottoms, one-third in Soviet bottoms and one-third in "other" vessels. No matter what price the "other" vessels charge, the Soviets will pay 10 per cent more to the American shipowners. Presumably this will help American ships to stay in business despite the ruinous results of governmental interventionism and subsidies in the shipping industry—another, but sickeningly similar, story. All of this finagling, boondoggling, price-setting and reciprocal pocket-lining would be strictly illegal if done by private citizens.

It seems clear that the effect of governmental meddling in wheat has been to unbalance the supply-demand function in the U.S. and the USSR, to raise prices in *both* places, to create "problems" where none had existed before (transportation of Ukrainian wheat to Europe was no "problem" when it was handled, year after year, by freely functioning agents), and to misallocate scarce resources such as human labor, farm machinery, real estate, storage bins, fertilizer and on and on. It is, in fact, impossible to show that the wheat maneuvers of Washington and Moscow have done any economic good at all; and it is easy to show that the over-all net result has been entirely negative, raising everyone's cost of food and creating hostility where once there had been only cooperation.

Here, as always when the government intervenes in a market, the "problem" does not reside in some inanimate object named "wheat" or "natural gas," but in false ideologies. More precisely, the problem does not lie in false ideologies but in a political system that permits some people to impose their false ideologies on others. I would gladly let the Department of Agriculture go on forever with its delusions and magical operations. But why must it have the power to force all of us to pay for its mistakes?

Wonder what would happen if the Department of Agriculture had to offer its "services" in a free market? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

Ethics

End pollution, waste and fear.
Solve the problem in a year.
Fix in words a vast conception,
Gain for it a new perception.

Coin each concept clearly.
Spread the gospel freely.
Call a public hearing,
Write the news revealing.

"Deny Profits"
"Reject Progress"
"Halt Construction"
"Stop the Rape!"

"Save for Beauty"
"Defend Wildness"
"Save the Land"
"For Future Man"

"End Dirty Exploration"
"Start True Recreation"
By these verbal stratagems
Power shifts, respect is won.
"Pious"
"Pompous"
"People-bums"

JOSEPH E. BANKS

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The Tupamaros of Germany

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

NEARLY twenty years ago—in 1954—I published a novel in the United States, called *Black Banners*. (The black flag is the symbol of anarchism and nihilism.) I foresaw that, after World War II and the horrors perpetrated by the omnipotent state, a reaction against authority and government would occur, rebellion against technology and the well-regulated life, against ideology, against the principle of truth, even against the moral precepts of natural law. I reasoned that after so much abuse of political idealism, witness the Nazis and their gas chambers, the Communists and their death camps, the democrats and their carpet bombing and betrayal of allies, a devastating hatred of all abstract thought was bound to set in.

Political prophecy is not difficult if one knows the facts and applies them to human nature, but timing is another matter. Tocqueville rightly foresaw the clash between Russia and America, but it came 115 years later. So I was right in my prediction, but not in my timing. Today, however, it has come true: The anarchist urban guerrillas are in action in the United States, Latin America, Japan and now Europe. Germany is in the grip of a wave of terror and Willy Brandt is not amused.

There are purely psychological reasons for the rise of this murderous element. Uruguay with its Tupamaros (who call themselves after an eighteenth-century Peruvian Indian rebel leader), the United States with its Weathermen, Germany with the Baader-Meinhof Gang (the "Red Army Faction"), Japan with its murderous Rengo Sekigun; all are countries with relatively high living standards. The absence of adventure and erotic romance, the use of drugs, the loss of traditions and the gradual disappearance of religious convictions prompt the scions of a bored, empty, prosperous middle-upper class to undertake the demolition of their own world.

In Italy, where a multimillionaire intellectual anarchist like Feltrinelli was "killed in action," the situation is not very different, nor is it really in France. A cynical outlook, expressed in the form of pagan existentialism, hatred for all rules, laws and institutions of a coercive nature (which included industry, technology etc.) is propitious for the development of revolutionary attitudes against anything "established," against in fact, everything that is. Dostoyevsky's famous dictum, "If there is not God, everything is permitted," is apposite.

The rebellion also has an ideological prehistory. Samuel Butler wrote in 1893: "I am afraid of liberalism, or at any rate, of people who call themselves liberals; they flirt with radicals who flirt with socialists who flirt with anarchists who do something a deal more than flirt with dynamite." Butler was thinking of people who, out of sheer "tolerance," maintain a soft spot in their hearts for anything leftist. ("They have a right to propagate their ideas, haven't they?") He knew that the advocates of totalitarian state omnipotence, hell-bent on destroying the traditional order, would invite forces denying *all* order—new and old.

When the German guerrillas committed their first atrocities, the socialist and pro-socialist press of Germany treated them as misguided idealists who should not be subjected to the full severity of the law. This was the attitude of "liberal" weeklies like *Die Zeit* and *Der Spiegel*. It was also the attitude of socialist intellectuals when the first German department stores went up in flames in 1968. "Youth Protests the Consumer Society," went the article titles. Then the policemen became the targets: "Youth in Revolt against the Police State."

OF COURSE, one must not forget that the left-of-center German press took basically the same attitude as these murderous youngsters—only in a more benign, more moderate, more palatable form. The urban guerrillas do not represent an outlook totally alien to the German mass media, they merely stand for a more radical version of rather commonly held opinions. They are in no way original.

America's Weathermen are pikers compared with the German terrorists, who are ideologically more sophisticated and far better organized. The German terrorists, like the American, are sons and daughters of the upper crust, of the elite—which meant until quite recently that the police were powerless in the face of their brilliantly planned attacks against public buildings, banks, police stations and American military barracks. The members of the Baader-Meinhof Gang and their ilk are not destitute, primitive Sicilian mafiosi, they are the intellectually degenerate and physically robust scions of established families—the same non-proletarian types one finds in the ranks of the Tupamaros and other urban guerrilla forces. Their ideology and strategy is taught by books that, thanks to a totally permissive society, can be bought in any book or department store.

IT HAS always been at the same time the glory and the misfortune of the Germans that having once taken up an idea, they pursue it to the bitter end, never hesitating to accept its logical, often ultimately fatal, conclusions. Here we must remember that the New Left not only "collects" explosive issues on a global basis but also finds plenty to attack at home: technology, mass production, "suppression" of women, authoritarian schools and universities, military service, sexual taboos, the family, administrative procedures, the police and so on and on. And the German New Left, devoid of any hope of gaining mass support, can only try to paralyze state and society by naked terror, by fear.

Yet the realization is gaining ground that this new ideology, producing such painful results, does have a prehistory and that it shows where leftism and permissiveness finally lead. However, the German brand of social democracy has an innate horror of strong, tough measures and, owing to its Marxist origins, also an inferiority complex toward the young radicals. The Christian Democrats might profit from all this in the election at hand. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Health Clubs

I have been in Hell; it's a place where old men exercise. God, the bodies . . . Gross flesh meringues, invertebrate. You can memorize death from them. The belly fig-leafs over the groin; dewlaps serve as a saggy bib; varicose vein garters wrap the shin. Muscles no bigger than portions of ice cream at a Chinese restaurant. One strong push-up and terror bugs wide the eyes. Is it now? Is this the cardiac infarction? (Infarction—wonderful word. Let me die of an infarction. Satire to the end.) Stalls in the bathroom wait, confessional boxes perhaps. Not merely a metaphor, this. I have seen men worship before them, "Oh, Lord, please give me success this time. Protect me from the shark nip of my kidney stones." They can hardly walk, but they're in shape, in . . . shape, in-shape, three-four.

It's an old club: twenty stories plus above Manhattan. I belong; that is, I'm a member. You see, all my life I've wanted lats. Frankie Ritello on 181st Street had great latissimus dorsi muscles: we kids would pay him a dime to show us. They seemed wonderful things, a cobra's sinewy hood, the vestigial wings of man. And, crucified now on the special lat-making device, I watch the old men come in. Impressive leathery faces, garnished below with wide-tie mod clothes, like John the Baptist's head on his charger. Maitre d' hailing heads; heads whose nods are influential.

But that's all they are—heads . . . the rest is hollow, amorphous cloth, like Kukla and Ollie, hand puppets. They stand in front of sunlamps hopefully: but their skins have glossed mirror scales and flash the tanning rays back. They make sauna sweat; they make steam-room sweat. Belt machines strop them, throwing stone and stone after stone into the flabby pools of their stomachs. The masseurs work, Rodinesque, in clod handfuls of flesh. And then the workouts are over. It enfeebles them to get dressed again. Putting on socks is an isometric exercise. I have seen one seventy-year-old man stand helpless, blindfolded, arms up—mugged by his own undershirt—until the shoeshine boy helped him yank it down.

WHY DO they bother? The effort is likely to kill. Perhaps it has killed some already. For three days now in the steam room I've glimpsed the same shadowy form through acrid Vicks Vapor billows. Over there in a far corner, prone: could be a pile of towels, could be something else. I'm not going over to see. The health club reeks with unhealthy fear. Bicycle mileometers turn over league after league with death's winged chariot—not bolted to the gym floor—following close behind. Weight kills. Sugar is poison. Cholesterol clogs the plumbing: roto-root it out. Smoking has been determined by the Surgeon General. We cohabit existence with an enemy: the body. Our worst fears are confirmed by white rats. Even hypochondriacs have real diseases. And we can't just die. We have crazy, athletic obligations to life.

And we are good business. The health clubs cultivate fear. In New York the Spa Health Club advertises, "The crucial part of a great lover's anatomy is his heart . . . in the real sense. Because a beautiful man with a bad one—well, let's be honest, writing sonnets and sending roses are the least of what he can't do." Ominous, no? ("Doctor, lay it on the line, when will I be able to write sonnets again?" "Sonnets? John, I can't say. It's a risky thing in your condition. I'd stick to prose until we see the EKG.") If not fear, shame. Jack La Lanne says, "Sandra Levy, New York, LOST 25 LBS. 'For the first time I can wear a bikini with a big smile instead of a big tummy.' " These are the new health clubs: spiffy, high-pressured, competitive. Very expensive.

The bodies are nicer. Young people, male and female; in svelte leotards, not the Auschwitz surplus gear provided by my health club. The décor is is either early Pompeii or late Roxy Theater. Ionic columns as high as a mastodon's femur; plastic palm trees, recapped rubber plants around the swimming pool. And there is more supervision. At my club the management is distant, also old. Fine with me. At Jack La Lanne's, streamlined young men lead calisthenic classes—"Smith, come on, knees up. Jones your belly is two beats behind the rest of you." Health through sarcasm.

The atmosphere is competitive; the successful are given recognition. At another club my guide/salesman showed Polaroids of his best pupils. Someone had lost thirty pounds; someone else now had measurements of 22-15-25, calf-knee-thigh. "Mr. Zinsser is in great shape and he's over sixty. Isn't that right, Mr. Zinsser?" "Aaaaah-aaah." Mr. Zinsser is running on a sophisticated treadmill. "There's a device attached to Mr. Zinsser that tells heart rate, stress, circulation. Isn't that right, Mr. Zinsser?" "Aaaaah-aaah." "We have a staff of doctors here. You won't get that in the other place. I've worked at the other place. And just between you and me, they have a dirty whirlpool. See you, Mr. Zinsser." Mr. Zinsser waves distractedly, Sisyphus pushing his own body uphill, uphill.

Facilities are superb. At the Spa Health Club you, "Tingle in the Finnish Ice Plunge. Toast in our Eucalyptus-Scented Dry Desert Room. Loll in our Pristine Turkish Bath." (Pristine? Is it thrown out after each use?) The baths

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David Brudnoy *teaches history at Merrimack College in Massachusetts. . . .* **Ruth Berenson** *is on her way to Europe, whence she will report.*

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resemble igloo foundations, shiny, the polar-bear house at some ultramodern zoo. Men lie circled in the whirlpool, toe to toe to toe, like a flaccid water ballet. Attractive, yes. But it costs. Listen to the dialogue.

"Well, Mr. Mano. You've seen everything. What did you have in mind?"

"Ah—I wanted some lats. People kick sand in my face at the beach."

"Good. Fine. Now, as for rates. This is a popular plan: $25 initiation. That's for your medical exam. Then thirty months at $44 per month. $1,320 total."

"That's popular? My God."

"It's very popular. At the end of thirty months you're a lifetime member. No more payments."

"Lifetime? At those prices I should have a controlling interest in the place. I have to sign a contract?"

"Yes, It's all done through a bank."

"What if I default?"

"Default? Ha-ha. Then we come and repossess your lats, Mr. Mano."

Very funny. What makes Sammy jog? Health fear first. Then the payments, man, the payments. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Tough Guys

Westerns, cops and robbers, war flicks—these, foremost not alone among movie categories, deal to a large extent with celluloid images of maleness. Men make movies, women rarely; men write, direct and produce films. And men run our society. As both women's and gay lib have rather energetically insisted, our culture's answer to the question What Is Masculinity? is usually tied up with an imposed duality of toughness and insensitivity. Since cinema reflects and also alters society, that film myth of masculinity is of some importance.

All this by way of introducing three films touching heavily on the male image. From Canada comes *The Rowdyman*, winningly exploring the depressing lot of Will (Gordon Pinsent, who also directed), a chap able to relate tenderly to a dying old man, in a mock-tough way to his best friend whom he later accidentally kills, but hardly at all, except in bed, to girls. I fear for *Rowdyman*'s chances beyond Boston where it has just premiered. Not because it's poor; it is in fact superb. But this film is utterly lacking in titillating nudity (or any, for that matter, except Frank Converse's chest—he's Will's buddy), entirely consumed by probing the reality of loneliness beneath tough-guy Will's jovial have-a-tumble crust. *Rowdyman* offers little except what movies ideally should but rarely do: tremendous acting, including Will Geer as the dying man, and Linda Goranson as a girl Will could have loved, had he tried; expert photography; intelligent writing; and the solidity of a wholly convincing locale, here Newfoundland both plain and fancy.

Watch *The Rowdyman* peel away the tough-guy myth in ninety minutes. Then compare it with John Huston's latest, *Fat City*. *Fat City* the novel, by screenwriter Leonard Gardner, is in every way much finer than the film, and the purpose is identical, so the responsibility for what we see rests with the execution, not the concept.

Fat City concerns another classic tough-guy role, the prizefighter, here a late-twenties has-been named Tully, played much too literately by Stacy Keach, and Ernie, a teen-age comer acted entirely with his triceps by Jeff Bridges, who shone earlier in *The Last Picture Show*. Gardner wrote of Ernie as destined to share Tully's fate: Mediocre boxers who'll marry too early, and badly, get their faces and futures busted by tougher boxers, and finish on the skids. If not profound, the message is at least accurate. The film, however, is disappointing. Tully's chippie is acted by Susan Tyrell like Lily Tomlin tripping. Both Keach and Bridges blink and flex on and off, yet neither conveys with anything resembling conviction the anguish of men possessed by a self-induced tough-guy persona and not up to its realization. What is called for is by no means a wholesale debunking of the notion that pugilists can be "real men," but at least a hard search for those tensions generated by attempts to live up to that role while denying any warmer character traits. *Fat City*'s odor of imposed sensitivity pervades its every moment.

THEN we have the evangelist, not one of your everyday tough-guy images, but if it's to be taken seriously, a hard road: the conduit between the Divinity and mankind. With all due respect to the Rev. Dr. Billy Graham and his bipartisan string of patrons at the White House, evangelists have always depended for their pizazz and power on a not-inconsiderable dose of theatrical humbug. None more so than Marjoe Gortner, whose recent life as a hard-driving "bring 'em to the Lord" con man explicitly connects his supposed

possession of God's healing and purifying grace with the prototypic male power: sex appeal. Produced and directed by *Village Voice* writers Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, Marjoe aims high, shoots low, hits mostly the wrong targets, but still compels a Mick Jaggeresque fascination.

MARJOE (Mary + Joseph, dig?) was preaching and marrying big folks at four, making millions by fourteen, in retirement living with an older lady by sixteen, back on the revival circuit modly got up and Afro-coiffed at twenty, and now, at 27, has more or less recanted ("I'm not evil—I'm bad, but not evil; a hype, but not a bad hype") while pondering a try at the rock star trade.

Some original footage of the four-year-old mini-revivalist has been spliced into the recent material; only the old sequences are wholly genuine, and calling *Marjoe* a *cinéma vérité* documentary is just one of the many disagreeable aspects of this film. Gortner sockin' it to them for the Lord; Gortner lolling on his bed stacking up the day's take in neat piles; Gortner mocking his own ostensible faith ("If I *had* to choose a religion, which thank God I *don't*, I'd pick the Pentecostal; they're fun people, weird but nice")—all this cannot fairly pass itself off as a movie claiming to be not merely the reconstruction of reality but the exact depiction of same.

Nor can I wholly excuse the smug condescending hipness of Eastern sharpies sneering at the yokels writhing for Jesus. I suppose Smith and Kernochan wanted to portray that old-time religion number in all its squalidness. In doing so, they heap ridicule on common folks sucked into those mad reli-

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gious freak shows, while "exposing" Marjoe Gortner in just the way a clever, aspiring show-biz whiz with A Past might most want to be seen. Nevertheless, this over-long, contrived, cynical dump on the gullible opiated masses and their sometime conception of holiness is at the same time the best film display in memory of the power of blind faith. And it offers us a new, and I hope quickly passing, genre of cinema tough guy: the erotic, pelvic man of "God." □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

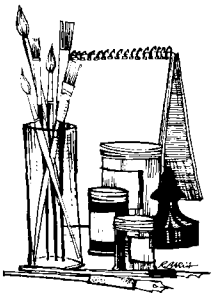
Cookie-Cutter Crafts

"Soviet Crafts in Ancient Times and Today," an exhibition recently on view at the Metropolitan Museum, has been touring the country for the past eight months as part of the U.S.-Soviet Cultural Exchange Program. Its purpose, according to an "Address to Visitors" by Aleksei Kosygin distributed at the entrance, is to "show how different cultures develop and enrich each other in our country, how carefully artistic traditions are preserved and promoted, how the present-day arts are encouraged. . . ."

Flashback: Sometime during the mid-Fifties, the Soviet Union presented its first postwar trade show, a conglomeration of paintings, tractors and other miscellany set out in the New York Coliseum and predictably publicized as exemplifying the enormous strides toward industrialization accomplished under socialism. At the press opening, the Soviet-supplied guide proudly explained that the furniture on display was factory-made for the average citizen; every worker could buy it. My husband, a newspaperman, is a skeptic; he also possesses some expertise in cabinetmaking. He therefore got down on his hands and knees ignoring the snide remarks of some of his colleagues to examine the furniture closely. Sure enough, on the underside of every table, chair, desk and sofa were telltale hammer and chisel marks proving that they had been painstakingly cut out and put together by hand, probably just for this exhibition. Far from being mass-produced, each piece, as an American pr man would have loudly boasted but which the Russian guide hotly denied, was "a product of old-world craftsmanship"; it could hardly have adorned the home of an average worker —not even a Stakhanovite.

The 1972 Soviet crafts show comprised some 1,300 objects, many of them valuable—a reason, if probably not the only one, why ladies' handbags were politely but painstakingly examined, and gentlemen required to undergo a body search, before being permitted to enter. The historical section started with Scythian bronze and gold work of the fifth and sixth centuries B.C. and proceeded to an outstandingly beautiful selection of medieval and renaissance ikons, depersonalized and solemn, glowing in brilliant reds and golds. Also extraordinary were the elaborately embroidered vestments from later times, done in threads of gold and silver and often beaded with pearls or encrusted with precious stones. Equally rich, if humbler, were the nineteenth-century peasant crafts: a carved wooden house frontal; delicately painted or pierced distaffs; glazed stove tiles; woven and appliquéd rugs and coverlets from Oriental Russia. Throughout, one was reminded of Russia's ethnic complexity and, above all, of the strength of piety which flows through its many-faceted civilization.

Most of the exhibition, however, was given over to contemporary crafts representing, as the flyer refulgently phrased it, "the cultures of the peoples who have united in the fraternal family of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and today make up a single national culture for the benefit and blossoming of the great multinational Motherland." And here was the curious switch on what my husband observed back in the Fifties: The glassware, painted toys, pottery, weaving, lacquer and embroidery being done today seemed to share one common characteristic: a slick, mass-made look, the exact opposite of that endearing individuality typical of genuine folk art.



This is not to imply that all craft objects made in the Soviet Union today are produced in wholesale lots (though many are), or that individual artists—potters, weavers, woodcarvers and so on—lack technical skill. Many, especially the weavers of the Turkmen area (where rugs have been made since time immemorial) and the lacquer painters of Fedoskino (who have inherited the means and methods of ikon painters), are superb craftsmen. What they lack is inventiveness, individuality—in short, freedom. Over and over again one saw the same motifs, traditional or taken from Bauhaus and Art Deco repertories. Some objects, more up-to-date, were derived from postwar Scandinavian and Italian styles. And a figurative tapestry from Latvia harked back to that *echt* Latvian painter—and faithful Communist—Diego Rivera of Mexico.

It is perhaps an oversimplification to attribute the decline of Russian folk art solely to the regimentation of the arts under Communism, and to the fact that its forms are dictated by bureaucrats whose taste runs to the heavily garish ostentation favored by Adolf Hitler. All over the industrialized world, peasant arts and crafts are dying of commercialization. This is particularly true in the Soviet Union. □

BRIEFLY

■ Coming soon: Album of fourteen unpublished Cole Porter songs, on Painted Smile label. More to follow. . . . No reply, from Marlon Brando to Rep. Charles Diggs' (D., Mich.) wire urging him to "fight racism." Diggs urges boycott of all Paramount films because *The Godfather* is being shown in South Africa. . . . *Laugh-In*'s Lily Tomlin stars in a CBS special early next year, which may evolve into a series. . . . Actor Trevor Howard and chums have bought film rights to Graham Greene's *A Burnt-Out Case*. . . . Comedy group The Firesign Theatre, celebrated here Sept. 15, has broken up. . . . Lucille Ball will star in Warner Brothers' *Mame*. . . . Title song for *Live and Let Die*, next James Bond flick, composed by ex-Beatle Paul McCartney and wife, recorded by McCartney's group Wings. . . . Censored: "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," the young Nazi's song, cut from *Cabaret* in West Germany; South Africa has banned performances of *Jesus Christ Superstar* (recordings are still sold). . . . McGovern special on five NYC TV stations drew combined Trendex rating of 25.7; rerun in same time slot of *The Courtship of Eddie's Father* drew 30.9. . . . Right now: Pete Seeger is on tour. In Siberia. Honest.

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BOOKS

Brilliant Overreaching

WILL HERBERG

Bare Ruined Choirs: Doubt, Prophecy, and Radical Religion
By Garry Wills
Doubleday, 272 pp., $7.95

Some eight years ago, in 1964, Garry Wills wrote a perceptive and well-documented book examining the proper scope and limits of papal authority. In his best manner, he concentrated on the subject in hand, resisting all temptations to expand his reflections on a cosmic scale and take all society and culture for his province. But that is precisely what he attempts to do in the present volume; and, as he expands the scope of his ambitious vision, he loses in precision and authority. And that is too bad, for, at his best, Garry Wills is capable of really fine reportage and relevant analysis.

The virtues of Garry Wills' new book are many and impressive. For one thing, the style of the book, his writing, is quite brilliant—lucid, powerful, penetrating. For another, the cultural sophistication displayed in these pages is overwhelming; if there is a writer, well-known or obscure, directly relevant or remotely associated, whose name he fails to mention in commenting on a subject, I must have missed it. And, as always, he is capable of flashing insights that reveal the inwardness of a situation in a quite spectacular manner.

But Garry Wills is also a radical, and, like all radicals, he suffers from the characteristic disease of radicalism —a foreshortening of historical perspective. This foreshortening, which did not matter so much in the narrower scope of his earlier work, seriously prejudices the validity of the present volume. It would obviously be impossible, in the scope of this review, to examine and evaluate critically the scores of sweeping generalizations and self-assured verdicts that pepper the pages of this book. I shall have to confine myself to Garry Wills' basic thesis, which alone gives this volume its special *réclame*.

Mr. Wills' basic thesis is that we are now witnessing, in the United States and perhaps throughout the Western world, an "institutional breakdown" in both church and state. He takes what he regards as the "disarray" in the Catholic Church following Vatican II as a kind of paradigm for the (alleged) "breakdown" in American civil society —in each case, a crisis of authority following upon a brief period of false optimism and empty hopes, embodied in Pope John and Vatican II and in President John Kennedy and his "Camelot." The collapse of liberal hopes has led, according to Mr. Wills, to the "demise of liberalism, the rise of radicalism, the hardening of r e a c t i o n." Hence the "bare ruined choirs" in church and state. So far the analysis of what is taken to be the present situation.

Very little of this will bear critical examination, and listing prestigious names, relevant and irrelevant, is not evidence. In the first place, there is no reason whatever to believe that American society, including American political society, is in any kind of disarray. On the contrary, there is much to suggest that we are today enjoying a broader consensus in this country (holding together the inevitable and not at all undesirable conflicts of interests) than we have had for many years. The voice of "dissent," in the radical sense of the term, is, politically and socially, not even a pipsqueak: a Daniel Berrigan (one of Mr. Wills' special heroes of renewal) is of no significance whatever politically and socially, although he may constitute a minor annoyance in the Catholic Church. Liberalism is in decline, admittedly, but "demise" is surely an exaggeration.

Radicalism is hardly on the "rise." After a brief marginal flareup among the student youth in the mid-Sixties, it is more obviously on the decline than even liberalism; it is nothing of any consequence, and is even waning in the academic community. As to the "hardening of reaction," that is obviously Mr. Wills' way of referring to the new wave of conservatism sweeping the country, and there would be little point in entering into a controversy with him about it. We can, I think, dismiss this whole business of institutional breakdown in American social and political life, and its alleged paradigmatic relation to the "disarray" in the Church, as a spectacular venture into the phantasmagoric world of unreality so characteristic of radical ideology.

But there is a certain "disarray" in the Catholic Church today. Garry Wills, however, seems to me quite mistaken as to its nature, its sources, its extent and its consequences. He traces the present crisis, as he suggests all earlier crises are to be traced, to the permanent and unresolvable conflict between the Church's institutions and its spirit: "The life of church machinery is death to any church's spirit." This is, philosophically considered, a very dubious quasi-gnostic dualism and, theologically, for Catholics, a near-heretical opposition between the juridical (institutional) and the spiritual church, which are supposed to be one. From

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: A dozen essays by Rexford Guy Tugwell, still *In Search of Roosevelt* (Harvard, $12.95). . . . Volume I of the long-awaited *Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary* ($50) carries us from A through G—and tolerates "author" as a verb ("an Americanism"). Remaining two volumes due out over the next five years.

■ JANUARY TITLES: Daughter Margaret issues a big book about *Harry S. Truman* (Morrow, $10.95). . . . Volume 2 of Nadezhda Mandelstam's warmly praised *Hope against Hope* is due from Atheneum ($10). . . . Jess Stearn's *The Search for a Soul: Taylor Caldwell's Psychic Lives* is, yes, a series of biographies of Miss Caldwell's earlier epiphanies (Doubleday, $7.95). Whereas Doubleday acknowledges Daphne du Maurier's *Rule Britannia* to be fiction. It's about life tomorrow in the new English-speaking union, "USUK" ($6.95). . . . *The Legend of John Brown* is the first of a two-volume life by Richard O. Boyer (Knopf, $12.50). . . . *The Dreyfus Case* is a massive study by Louis L. Snyder (Rutgers, $20).

Madame de Stael's *Ten Years of Exile*, a portrait of Napoleon and his times, due in a new rendering by Doris Beik (Saturday Review, $10). From the same publisher, Robert Douglas Mead studies his fellows in *Reunion: A Personal History of the Middle Generation* ($7.95). . . . Ernst Bloch's *Spirit of Utopia* is a straight-faced paean (Herder & Herder, $12.50). . . . Mark Lipman's *Stealing: The New American Pastime* investigates the $5 billion lost annually by businesses whose employees are robbing them blind (Harper, $7.95). . . . If you know anybody under eighteen you may be a customer for *Why Johnny Can't Add: The Failure of the New Math* by NYU math prof Morris Kline (St. Martin's, $8.95). . . . Pat Moynihan found a ready ear, Richard Nixon's, for his guaranteed annual income scheme; tells about the great breakthrough in *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income* (Random House, $10). From the same publisher, Charles Goodell (now he's Ellsberg's mouthpiece) bleeds over *Political Prisoners in America* ($7.95).

Daniel Bell ventures into social forecasting with *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* (Basic, $10). From the same house, a collection of Milton Himmelfarb's thoughtful essays, mostly from *Commentary* and called *The Jews of Modernity* ($10). . . . *NR* contributor Hugh Kenner charts *A Reader's Guide to Samuel Beckett* (Farrar, $6.95; paper, $2.95). The same publisher issues *Halfway: Journals, 1937-1946* by Glenway Wescott ($7.95). . . . Richard Hough reassesses the *Bounty* mutiny in *Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian* (Dutton, $10). . . . Philippe Jullian portrays *D'Annunzio* for Viking ($10).

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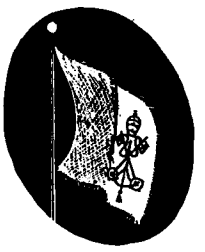
this principle, Mr. Wills draws some rather weird conclusions. He speaks of the "demise" of the Church, thus flying in the face of all reality. He sees Daniel Berrigan as of the saving remnant; indeed, he declares that "Paul VI needs Dan Berrigan"—very much, I should say, using the language of the old-time vaudeville comedians, as he needs a hole in the head! Mr. Wills finds that "Rome is always dying (partially) from head down, while being (in part) resurrected from feet up," which is exactly the reverse of the case, for no enduring reform movement has ever succeeded in the Catholic Church without and against the Pope. I must admit I don't like listing these strange absurdities which Garry Wills permits himself because Garry Wills is, after all, a fine writer, and, for all his radicalism, often has things to say very much worth saying.

Mr. Wills begins his Chapter Thirteen, "The Church against the Church," with a long quotation from one of my reviews in this periodical, in which I indicate that "the [Catholic] Church was not in any special crisis when the Second Vatican Council was convened in 1962. . . . But, today, after the Council . . . the Church is under attack, is falling back, is in crisis." Why? His own attempt at explanation is far too abstract and, in part at least, rather incoherent. But there is really no great mystery. If we had any way of measuring it, we should find, I am convinced, that there was very much the same *impulse* to defection among priests, monks and nuns, especially the last, in the decades before Vatican II as in the decade after. But, in the old days, there was a tight armature of Church loyalty and authority which made it very difficult if not impossible for even the would-be defectors to admit this impulse to themselves, let alone act upon it.

It is not Vatican II itself that has promoted the erosion of loyalty and authority; it is the "progressive" propaganda of *aggiornamento* that has done the damage, and the damage has not been inconsiderable, though very far from proving fatal, as Mr. Wills seems to suggest ("the Church's demise"). And, even in its gravity, the crisis is not without its precedent. "Sire," Bishop Guy of Auxerre declared, addressing King Louis IX in the name of the entire hierarchy, "Sire, these archbishops and bishops here present have instructed me to tell you that Christianity is decaying and disappearing in your realm, and that it will decay still more if you don't take heed; nowadays, nobody is afraid of being excommunicated." This in 1263, in the "ages of faith."

Mr. Wills has it in for Paul VI because the Pope has become the target of attacks from both sides, from both directions, from the left (*Commonweal*) and from the right (*Triumph*), apparently without doing much about it. "Critical thunder from both poles of opinion," Mr. Wills says, "shows how unsatisfactory has been Paul's stewardship." But, unfortunately, Mr. Wills does not seem to understand the spirit of Rome, the spirit of Rome through the ages. "It is the custom of the Roman Church," declared that very "strong" Pope, Gregory VII, in 1078, "to tolerate some things, to turn a blind eye to some, following the spirit of discretion rather than the rigid letter of the law." In the end, however, the Church, with the Pope at its head, always prevails, and Catholicism remains "*semper eadem*," always the same, neither needing nor permitting any serious *aggiornamento*.



Incredibly, Wills sees in "a Jew like Waskow, a Protestant like Stringfellow, and a Catholic like Berrigan" the hope of Judaism, Protestantism and Catholicism! I think a more trustworthy witness is to be found in Karl Barth, who cannot be accused of any theological pro-Romanism:

"I know about the harmful effects which the Reformation has had, and under which the Reformed churches are suffering," he declared in 1967. "That is why I cannot rejoice at what is happening in the Catholic Church today: much of it looks more like revolution than reformation."

And that is precisely what Garry Wills approves of and rejoices in! □

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G.
By John Berger
Viking, 316 pp., $7.95
Marriages and Infidelities
By Joyce Carol Oates
Vanguard, 508 pp., $7.95

ONLY PRAIRIE DOG MOUNDS

RONALD DE FEO

Critics apparently have been starved for a "novel of ideas," for only such starvation can explain the incredible praise John Berger's *G.* has received in both England and America. Starvation or else madness. Here is a "philosophical" novel overcrowded with mock-profundities, crude epigrams, strained metaphors and similes, a book in which the author wishes to show us at every step of the way that he is a Thinker and an Artist. After a while we begin to feel like party-goers trapped in a corner by a pretentious bore determined to analyze every trivial affair he has ever had, discover in his petty business universal truths, in short, make Everests out of prairie dog mounds.

The novel focuses on G. (for Giovanni), illegitimate son of an Italian father and English mother, a cool, modern Don Juan who drifts through Europe, various historical events and women's bedrooms. While he is growing up, expanding his sensual horizons, and at last pursuing women (on a very modest but still impressive scale), workers riot in Milan, the Great War rages, and Italian liberationists battle Habsburg forces in the streets of Trieste. G. unwittingly strays into the Trieste affair and is stupidly murdered.

When Berger is not juxtaposing world history and personal history, or desperately attempting to draw parallels between G.'s limited, empty world and the world beyond, to find, as he puts it, a "complex synchronic pattern," he is reflecting, speculating, meditating, digressing, and producing some of the stickiest, silliest prose in recent memory. Representative of Berger's sexual meditation: "It occurs to him that the very form of the vagina, which he had always assumed was as it was in virtue of his function, has in fact evolved to meet the exigencies of the outward journey of a third person." Berger seems compelled to intellectualize everything, bolster routine description with unnecessary observation: "The temperature of the hair to the touch varies considerably from person to person, regardless of the surrounding temperatures. There are heads of hair which always tend to be cool. . . ." His dialogue is as awkward and heavy as his prose, often reading like subtitles to a foreign film: "I can hardly believe what has happened to us, to you and me, to me, Umberto, and to you, Laura."

G. does pick up a little toward the end when Berger begins (incredibly) to run out of things to say and must quicken his pace and get characters and events to move rapidly. But relief from the terribly mannered, crude prose comes much too late. The journey through the stifling jungle has been long and frustrating; the crystal clear stream at this point is not adequate compensation. If the reader desires a novel of genuine historical, philosophical and sexual meditation, he might do well to look at Robert Musil's *The Man without Qualities*. It is perhaps unfair to pit Berger against a great writer, but when novels like *G.* are praised one wonders what some literary critics are using as standards of excellence.

MOST OF the people in Joyce Carol Oates' latest short-story collection, *Marriages and Infidelities*, a huge, disappointing volume, seem to be dangling from very thin, worn threads that are about to snap. They are either married and miserable, engaged in extramarital affairs and miserable, or divorced and miserable, and they are all courting crisis and breakdown. Though Miss Oates tries hard, playing up melodrama, occasionally tossing in a shock effect (a

man fascinated by the newspaper photo of a mutilated girl, a couple getting revenge on a hated woman by making love in her deathbed), she generally fails to interest us in her dreary lot.

At this point in her writing career Miss Oates seems more concerned with describing extreme emotional states than with conveying character. All well and good, one may say. But how can a description of a crisis period impress and move us if we care little about the individual living through that period? In "The Metamorphosis," for example, Miss Oates produces a car salesman suffering a breakdown. She describes the process well enough, but who cares about the salesman? It is not simply that her people are humorless (Dostoyevsky's characters, after all, aren't exactly jovial types), determined to wallow in misery or else so limited that they must accept misery as a norm, but also that they are terribly one-dimensional and unbelievable. Though we realize they are suffering, experiencing frustration, guilt and depression, we never quite understand why. Too often these people are reminiscent of actors who find themselves in an unmotivated drama and overact to compensate for the shallow, improperly defined material.

Miss Oates is basically a traditional writer, so when she tries to broaden her technique, toy with experimental forms, as she does, for example, in "The Turn of the Screw" and "Inventions," the results are usually awkward. The best story in the collection, "The Children," is a very fine traditional piece—carefully paced, suspenseful and concluding on just the right note.

What is particularly distressing about this collection and Miss Oates' other recent work is that it seems quite inferior to her early work (*By the North Gate, Upon a Sweeping Flood*). The writing in the early work was much more artistic and memorable; the work had much more resonance. In the recent volumes we find merely efficient, colorless, flat prose; unsubtle, forgettable characterizations. We feel that the writer is hurrying along at careless breakneck speed. Miss Oates is one of our most prolific writers. I admire prolificacy. But, then again, I admire quality and care even more. □

Will Herberg *is the author of the justly renowned* Protestant, Catholic, Jew. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** *is* NR*'s London correspondent.* . . . **Ronald De Feo** *has published criticism and short stories in* Transatlantic Review, Modern Occasions, *the* Nation *and the* New Leader. . . . **Francis Russell**, *a regular* NR *contributor, is known for his books on Sacco and Vanzetti and Warren G. Harding.* . . . **Max Geltman** *is a frequent contributor to* NR. . . . **Smiley Anders** *is a writer, editor and critic from Baton Rouge.*

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Pointing the Way, 1959-1961
By Harold Macmillan
Harper, 512 pp., $15

PLUGGING THE LEAKS

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Harold Macmillan is now 78, a little shaky on his feet and rather lonely since his wife died, but a marvelous showman still. Like an old-fashioned actor-manager, he has a variety of favorite roles. Sometimes he plays the absent-minded aristocrat—a sort of Lord Emsworth figure; sometimes he is the unpretentious family publisher; sometimes—and he does this splendidly on television, talking about (and usefully advertising) his memoirs—he is the great statesman in retirement, contemplating the sweep of history with a detached and ironical eye. When I saw him the other day, he had just delivered the final volume of his memoirs, so perhaps he was feeling like Gibbon. He was certainly, I'm glad to report, in excellent form.

His memoirs, truth to tell, are nothing like as good company, nowhere near as amusing, as he is. But I get the impression that he doesn't mind very much what other people think of them. He wrote them for his own satisfaction, because, as he observes about one of his prime ministerial memoranda, "I was led by that fatal itch for composition which is the outcome of a classical education." He has indulged himself by allowing them to run on and on, each volume covering fewer years than the previous one. The first, *Winds of Change*, went from 1914 to 1939: the latest volume, *Pointing the Way*, which is the fifth, goes only from 1959 to 1961.

They were momentous years, of course, including the summit conference which broke up over the U-2 affair, and the subsequent assembly of the United Nations at which Mr. Khrushchev started banging on the desk with his shoe ("Perhaps we could have a translation. I couldn't quite follow," was Mr. Macmillan's imperturbable comment); the "winds of change" speech in Cape Town and the loss of South Africa from the Commonwealth; the beginnings of the Rhodesian trouble and the horror of the Congo; and, especially, Mr. Macmillan's highly personal relationship, first with President Eisenhower, then with President Kennedy.

Mr. Macmillan has allowed himself plenty of room to include big chunks from the diaries he kept, and the speeches he made, at the time. There are no revelations, and his candor is more apparent than real. His dry humor generally remains just beneath the surface, but expands in an occasional set-piece, such as his description of a visit made by President de Gaulle to Birch Grove, the Macmillans' country house. (A bottle of de Gaulle's blood had to be kept in the refrigerator, in case of an assassination attempt, and the gamekeeper interrupted an earnest conversation about world politics to complain that the police were disturbing the birds in the coverts.)

The contrast between Eisenhower's American slang and de Gaulle's stately French also afforded Mr. Macmillan some quiet fun: "The translator did his best. 'I guess I'll just have to clear my "skedool"' became *'Le calendrier diplomatique est tres chargé—mais je ferai de mon mieux. . .'*"

Pointing the Way begins with the Tories' great election victory of 1959. Mr. Macmillan was its architect—and not only because, as he tells us, he rejected a Treasury suggestion that two-pound notes should be added to the currency. "The ordinary people," he said in a characteristic message to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "will think that we are fiddling with their money. It was said that the old Duke of Devonshire (Hearty Tarty), when he could not think of anything else to say at a public meeting, banged the box with his fist and cried in a loud voice: 'I will stand no tampering with the fiduciary issue.' This brought great applause from the audience who had not the faintest idea what it meant."

That election was the high point of Conservative success. Riding on the crest of it, the government could have done almost anything. Then, if ever (some of us thought), was the time for a breakthrough, for a decisive shift away from the pink postwar consensus and toward genuine conservatism. But, as this book makes clear, Mr. Macmillan was not thinking along those lines at all. He mind was on quite other matters.

Blandly he describes the dissolution of the British Empire. Britain, he says, had not lost "the will or even the power to rule," but believed it right to give self-government even to countries which were not yet ready to govern themselves. The orderly pursuit of this aim was rendered more difficult by sniping from the Labor Party, by the arrogance of Nehru and Nkrumah, by the "unreliability" of Cabot Lodge and "the incredible folly and weakness (mixed with vanity)" of Adlai Stevenson: but Mr. Macmillan never seriously questions that the policy was wise, despite the appalling toll of suffering, the chaos and the diminution of liberty which have been the result.

He understood very well the threat of world Communism, but had perhaps an unrealistic faith in the virtues of summitry. His hope—the way to which he was pointing—was that regular summit meetings might replace the futility of the United Nations: and he still regards this as a possible development. He also had a vision of a "grand design" (which captivated President Kennedy) in which the United States, a united Europe and the Commonwealth would come closer together into an alliance, a kinship, of the whole Free World.

In darker mood, however, he looked at the other side of the coin and wondered what would happen if Britain did not join Europe: "Shall we be caught

In Coming Issues

Seymour Martin Lipset on Ernest van den Haag's *Political Violence and Civil Disobedience.*

Peregrine Worsthorne on *Beaverbrook*, by A. J. P. Taylor.

Guy Davenport on short-story collections by John Updike, Doris Lessing and Donald Barthelme.

Richard L. Walker on the recent crop of books on China.

Don Crinklaw on Nabokov and Beckett.

Richard J. Whalen on Herbert Parmet's book on Eisenhower.

Thomas H. Jukes on *The Doomsday Syndrome*, by John Maddox.

David Brudnoy on John Greenway's *Down among the Wild Men.*

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between a hostile (or at least less and less friendly) America and a boastful, powerful 'Empire of Charlemagne'—now under French but later bound to come under German control? Is this the real reason for 'joining' the Common Market (if we are acceptable) and for abandoning a) the Seven, b) British agriculture, c) the Commonwealth? It's a grim choice." This is not at all how he presented the choice to the British people at the time—or how Mr. Heath presents it now.

But domestically, in view of what has happened since and Britain's present situation, Mr. Macmillan's most damaging failure was his inability to understand the nature—or to appreciate the full peril—of inflation, and his unwillingness to act firmly against it. The rate of inflation and the size of wage claims during his administration were, as he points out, relatively small by modern standards: but, because they were condoned then, they grew—until, now, they threaten to overwhelm the economy.

PRIME MINISTERS and presidents today have so many problems to think about that they never have time really to think about any of them. All they can usually hope to do is to plug each day's leaks. It would be nice, though, if at least in retrospect, they showed rather more humility, less complacency, more awareness of their mistakes and omissions. No one would think the worse of them—quite the contrary: but perhaps it isn't a politician's nature.

Mr. Macmillan's memoirs, despite their length, are partial and one-sided. Serious students of the period will have to supplement and correct them with other people's memoirs. But the abiding impression they leave is of a mellow and civilized man, a man with an historical perspective that his successors lack. For example, in his diary for August 4, 1961, the 47th anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War, he meditated on this "fatal date from which sprang all our troubles—the beginning of the end of Europe's supremacy and the predominance of the white man in the world. From this date began the end of the Old British Empire and the capture of the greatest Euro-Asian country—Russia—by the strange doctrines of a German Jew intellectual—Karl Marx. Happily, we did not realize all this when we were young."

There speaks Macmillan as Gibbon, not unworthily. □

Blue Hill Avenue
By Mark Mirsky
Bobbs-Merrill, 177 pp., $6.95

THE HUMAN TRAGICOMEDY

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Just after the First World War Blue Hill Avenue, the old turnpike running through Dorchester to Mattapan Square, was the center of Boston's Jewry. Mattapan itself was more a community or *kahal* than a ghetto, a teeming Jewish throng that formed the city's most densely populated ward. The Jews of Mattapan were Galician, as remote from Boston's genteel, wealthy, assimilated German Jews as if they had never crossed the Atlantic. The elders wore their *yarmulkes* as they sat on the three-decker porches on long summer evenings. The women still wore wigs. And if the bearded rabbis had given up flat fur-trimmed hats, they did wear wide-brimmed black ones that seemed a piece with their kaftan-like coats. On Saturday night Blue Hill Avenue echoed the variegated shrillness of a street in Lodz, the lights flaring in all the small shops, fruit and vegetable pushcarts lining the curbs, peddlers shouting their wares, men with their hats on sitting at delicatessen counters drinking tea from glasses; a noisy, bright, pushing, shifting kaleidoscopic mass.

The prevailing speech was still Yiddish. But as the Twenties waned, the American-born emerged, contemptuous of Yiddish which they only half understood, drivingly ambitious, on their way to Harvard and the world outside. Then began a discreet exodus from Mattapan to Brookline and Newton. Eventually even the synagogues would move, usually becoming reform temples in the process, almost indistinguishable from the Unitarian church around the corner. By the end of the Second World War Brookline-Newton had become the center of Boston Jewry, if one could still call it a center. The older suburbanites might remember the Mattapan of their childhood, but they did not like to be reminded of it.

The Jews remaining in Mattapan were those who had not made it, who were too old and too poor to migrate, too odd, too intimidated. Those rejects in now crumbling three-deckers found themselves threatened by the black wave that was moving relentlessly from Roxbury across Dorchester and down Blue Hill Avenue. It is this lost and pathetic remnant, this spectral ghetto, that Mark Mirsky has taken for his own.

Mirsky, young as he is, is among the ancients of his race, a teller of tales; and to this dying Jewville he has brought life again through his unique vision. His books are not so much novels as folk chronicles. Five years ago on reading his first book, *Thou Worm Jacob*, I felt as if I had met Isaac Bashevis Singer coming out of the G & G Delicatessen on Blue Hill Avenue. It is unfair to compare Mirsky to anyone else, even Singer, for he is first and foremost himself. Unfortunately we have come to expect "Jewish" books from Jewish writers, the gamut from Jewish mothers and Jewish sex to Jewish intellectuals. Mirsky is not in the pattern or of the pattern but beyond it, and that is perhaps why he has not had the attention he merits. He is indeed not a Jewish writer, but a writer above nationality and race who has taken as his underlying motif the Mattapan of his childhood that is in his blood, that is the deepest and richest part of himself. Out of decay, failure abandonment he has woven his tales comic and tragic at the same time, written with love, pity, piety and an outrageous sense of humor. If one can define Mirsky he is a mixture of Waugh Singer and Chagall, though that serves merely to locate him.

THE CONNECTING thread that binds the tales of *Blue Hill Avenue* into a novel is the Rabbi Lux, so unworldly that he is afraid of his own telephone so radiant in his inner goodness that shopkeepers and customers along the avenue stop haggling to run up to him when he passes:

> Rabbi Lux tried to hold a dialogue of understanding with each and every act of evil that came to him. When he said to the sin, "Make yourself at home," he wasn't being rhetorical. He actually tried to take the sin into his own heart to absorb some of the evil in his own system. . . .
>
> It seemed as if in the case of impacted evil doers only Rabbi Lux could purge them. I remember when they brought the Rabbi to Charles Street jail t

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speak with Yitzchock Meladnick the Safe Khnocker.

Meladnick! At the age of eight he got into the safe at our Hebrew school. A child prodigy who started out in his chosen career by shaking down relatives in the garment district. Our Yitzchock went through half the strong boxes of Dorchester, had bastards everywhere and slung lead with abandon too.

It was a pleasure to our Dorchester community to see at least one Jewish face in with all the Irish and Italian hoods in the city. Itzy in the hands of the Suffolk County sheriff. Itzy being drawn by the state police. Itzy between the arms of two burly FBI men. If he had kept going, well, he might have rubbed shoulders with J. Edgar Hoover and said, *"Vas toutsa?"* to the Supreme Court. Always a nice smile too. He wept tears when they finally convicted him. He cried for the Rabbi.

I wish there were space to quote at r greater length from this enchanting ook about the Rabbi Lux and his wife ehoodis, as awesome as her name. nce there is not, I can merely beg eryone to read it, for delight, for ighter, for enrichment of one's inner f. And remember Mark Mirsky's me. It is one you are going to hear ich about. □

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e Odessa File
Frederick Forsyth
Viking, 337 pp., $7.95

AG XK 150 S

AX GELTMAN

November 22, 1963, Peter Miller s tooling along in his Jaguar XK 150 on the Hamburg autobahn, satisfied h himself and his profession as a hly rewarded freelance reporter for German sensational weeklies, savor- memories of a glorious night spent nescing and detumescing with Sigi, smart stripper with a heart of eight-karat gold, when suddenly the soft sic from his car radio was rudely errupted with a momentous bulletin: *chtung, Achtung.* President Kennedy dead. I repeat President Kennedy is ad." Hearing this, Peter pulled his to the side of the road, and mused w only a short time before the young esident had won the hearts of young Germany by pronouncing *"Ich bin ein Berliner!"* What if he had come to the reporter's native city? *Ich bin ein Hamburger*? Peter dismissed the rude thought from his mind when he heard the wail of an ambulance tearing down the highway. Instinct—and the need of a story—told him to follow in pursuit. Here the author's story really begins, the Kennedy fluff serving merely to pad out the skeleton of this true-fiction adventure tale.

Now true fiction is neither truth nor fiction, meaning it rarely makes for a "novel," which the publishers, in this post-Clifford Irving age, emphatically insist *The Odessa File* is. It is also an acronym, in German, for *Organisation der ehemaligen SS-Angehörigen*—or "Organization of Former Members of the SS." How young, handsome, truth-seeking, vengeful and resourceful Peter Miller goes about seeking the "file" containing the names of thousands of former SS operatives, and the real live SS Captain Eduard Roschmann, and almost gets killed in the process, fills out the flesh and muscle of this high adventure thriller.

In the telling, the narrator lets drop other real names like Ben Gurion, Adenauer and Simon Wiesenthal, the scourge of all hidden Nazis. He also lets us in on a diary found on the man the ambulance was heading for, a poor old duffer, Peter thought at first, but who turned out to be the focus of the tale. It seems the old man had taken his life so that his diary would be found telling how he had been confined and tortured in the Riga extermination centers set up by the SS, and how the head of his camp was none other than Captain Roschmann whom he had seen, in Hamburg, only a short time before he decided to commit suicide.

All this Peter found out when he was called by his friend, a young junior police inspector, who handed him the diary with the admonition to let well enough alone, that the possibility of Nazis wandering along his "turf" (suddenly the Herr Junior Inspector of Hamburg sounds like a member of the Young Lords of Harlem) is ridiculously absurd. But Peter, outraged by what he read, decided there and then that with his trusty Jag (XK 150 S) he would get hold of the "Odessa file," and hunt down this Roschmann who he learned had set up the dread Vulkan operation which had for its purpose the spread of "bubonic plague," and by way of "irradiated cobalt-sixty" the wiping of Israel—and the Jews—off the Middle East map.

In pursuit of his quarry, he found that Vulkan was an SS project hidden in the meshes of a legitimate industrial enterprise. Could it be that the man in charge of Vulkan was Roschmann? Was he indeed in Hamburg? And how could he, Peter, get into the ranks of the *Organisation*? Why, by joining it! So he got himself trained in good old SS *Kameraderei*, penetrated Odessa, and soon was onto the "file" when a burly, sadistic agent found him out, and just

as we were about to give up on Peter, miracle of miracles, his little old Jag (XK 150 S) came to the rescue. For this is not some ordinary machine, it is a veritable *machina ex deus* (sic)—it kills only the wicked and is merciful to the just.

It seems that the "agent" had wire-bombed the Jaguar, unaware that nothing, not even enough dynamite to blow up a city block, could do fatal damage to an XK 150 S—unless driven by a Nazi agent. This happens when Peter, in a desperate attempt to elude his captors (after having got hold of the "file") makes off in a hurry in a little old VW only to be followed by Sadist who, no sooner he gets into the magic car and drives it over a tree-branch when—poof!—he and it go up in a bang.

So now, with his Jaguar XK 150 S—his first love—gone, the "file" tucked safely in Sigi's capacious bosom, he embraces her in a final fadeout (movie rights have been sold prior to publication) and promises to love, cherish and obey her command not to go chasing after elusive Nazis, but to stick to his trade of pursuing more popular scandals.

Jews, Nazis, victims, secret files, death rays abound in this bonanza of a "novel." The major book clubs have chosen it for distribution, and the

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Reader's Digest has picked it for Winter condensation. Nor is that all. It seems that the Miller-Forsyth saga will be with us for yet a while. In the end the horrendous Captain Roschmann made good his escape, despite Peter's heroic efforts, and is now living "in South America," the publishers assure us, incidentally assuring themselves sequel upon sequel, if not a whole TV series titled (probably) *Leaves from the Odessa File.* □

Building Black Business
By Abraham S. Venable
Graves/Crowell, 132 pp., $5.95
Black Education: Myths and Tragedies
By Thomas Sowell
McKay, 338 pp., $6.95
Beyond Black and White
By James P. Comer M.D.
Quadrangle, 272 pp., $7.95

MAKING IT THE HARD WAY

SMILEY ANDERS

It seems that each publishing season there's a new book by a black revolutionary, detailing in violent and often obscene terms just how he's going to get Whitey, and the members of the effete-snob press greet these efforts with loud hosannas. This masochistic tendency has been fully understood by the authors of such books, who strive to outdo each other. This by way of preface to provide a counterpoint for the three books considered here. It will be no great surprise to see them ignored by the radical-chic reviewers.

The authors are three blacks who have most assuredly made it within the system—an executive, an educator and a psychiatrist. They hold a total of eight degrees among them, have short hair, wear white collars and business suits, and have no rape or murder convictions on their records. Definitely not the kind of people who get invited to Bernstein soirées or whatever kind of parties Jane Fonda is throwing these days. In addition to their lack of revolutionary bearing, they have the bad taste to write about such mundane concerns as helping black people open their own businesses, obtaining a better quality education for black youngsters, and aiding both blacks and whites to understand their relationship with each other. Most of their ideas make pretty good sense.

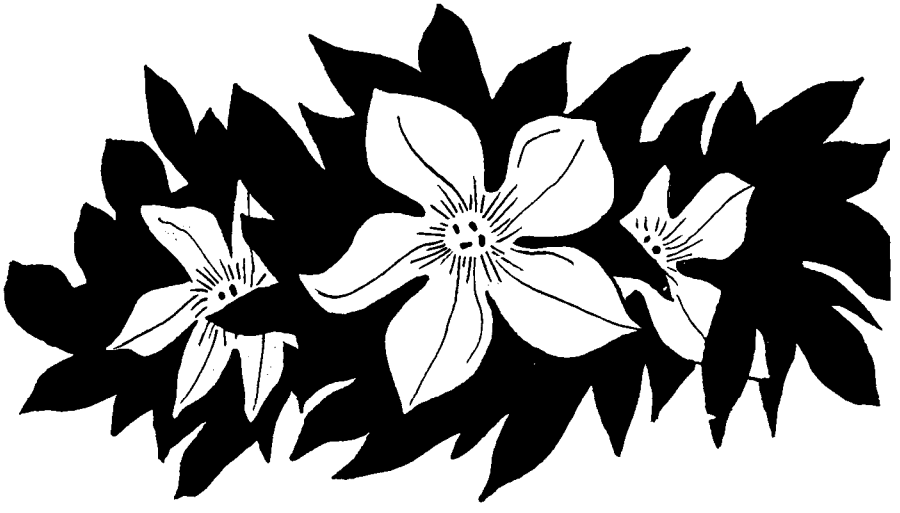
Of the three, Venable's *Building Black Business* is the least personal and most practical. He was the first black director of the Office of Minority Business Enterprise and is now General Motors' director of urban affairs. He offers black businessmen a handbook on how to succeed and proposes three organizations to deal with the problem of getting blacks into successful business enterprises: 1) an Institute for Economic Action, to serve as a forum and clearinghouse for black business development groups, provide professional planning, and perhaps even provide a loan guaranty pool; 2) Project BOSS (Business Opportunities Search and Selection), to locate persons interested in going into business; and 3) a National Franchise Development Council, to promote and develop franchising as a realistic opportunity for minorities to enter business.

By contrast, the books by Dr. Sowell and Dr. Comer are intensely personal, describing in their early chapters the difficulties faced by sensitive, intelligent young blacks seeking to cope with racism in all its forms, from subtle to overt.

Sowell's *Black Education: Myths and Tragedies* is a slashing attack on the kind of thinking that led many prestigious universities to rush headlong into ill-conceived "black studies" programs and offer scholarships to unprepared ghetto youths while ignoring the more serious, stable black student—the so-called middle-class product. In their search for "relevance," and to avoi being tagged racist, college administra tors combed the streets to come up wit "authentic" black students who fit thei preconceived notions about how dis advantaged blacks should look and act They dropped these gems-in-the-roug into the classrooms and virtually dare their faculty to flunk them. The result were predictable—chaos. Sowell got firsthand look at such a program Cornell in 1969, an especially stick situation that ended in armed occup tion of a building and eventually a r shuffling of the administration.

Sowell is one of those old-fashione educators who believe that quality more important than "relevance." H maintains that it is cruel and unfair isolate black students in Afro-America studies programs, hand them a degr after a specified amount of time, ar then expect them to enter the re world on an equal footing with studen who have been through a more prac cal and balanced curriculum. For tho youths who have not received an ad quate high-school background for c lege, Sowell proposes pre-college trai ing centers. For black students seeki both a top quality education and rac identity, he urges the establishment an institute for advanced studies, staff by the nation's finest black educato

In *Beyond Black and White*, a bla child psychiatrist takes an in-depth lo at race relations in America. After scribing his own personal encount with racism, he goes into the histo of pre-slavery Africa to show t blacks do have a heritage of which th can be proud. He traces the notion black inferiority from the plantation its present-day applications and ca



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for a coalition of "humanists" to work toward the day when we can look beyond black and white, judging a man by his abilities and character alone.

Just a few years back the advanced thinkers were all agog over the possibilities of total integration, dreaming of a utopia peopled by *café-au-lait* supermen, where there was no racial conflict because there were no races. Yet here are three books by serious, intelligent blacks in which the word integration is hardly mentioned. What is mentioned is black pride, black awareness and the sure knowledge that the best bet for both races is to work together within this system, creaky and frustrating though it may be at times.

Dr. Comer ends his call for black and white cooperation with an especially apt nursery rhyme:

There were two cats of Kilkenny
Each thought there was one too many.
So they fought and they fit
And they scratched and they bit
Until there weren't any. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SUPERMONEY, *by "Adam Smith" (Random House, 301 pp., $7.95).* Form a company, issue shares, go public, and you have created a New, Improved Money, Smith argues. You can convert your stock into groceries or a yacht—money it is. It is taxed, favorably, as capital gains rather than income—better than money. Earlier this year the Levitz brothers of Pottstown, Pa. went public with their $60,000-a-year furniture business, banked $33 million in old-fashioned cash, and still have 300-million worth of their stock—*Supermoney.* That's about all Smith has to say on the subject, except that supermoney can easily be and often is debased. Most of the book is given to largely unrelated essays: on shifty accounting practices; on the near-collapse of the market two years ago, as the liquidity crisis, the brokerage house failures, the worst bear market since '29, and the bankruptcy of Penn Central converged one awful weekend; on Benjamin Graham, dean of security analysts. Blended in are bits of Street gossip and moody reflections on the dramatically changing attitudes and expectations of production workers. The longest single chapter (61 pages) tells of Smith's unhappy investment in a hot-shot American-managed Swiss bank that went spectacularly broke speculating in cocoa, taking with it the royalties from *The Money Game.* Graham could have warned him away from schemes promising radical departures from established business practices.) Apart from the unbecoming effort to stitch these disparate essays together under the "supermoney" rubric, and some lousy printing, Smith's book is thoughtful, readable, and well worth the investor's attention.

T. J. WHEELER

STRATEGIC SUFFICIENCY: *Fact or Fiction?, by Sen. James L. Buckley and Paul C. Warnke (American Enterprise Institute, 87 pp., $5.75).* This is the transcript of a debate held in Washington early this year as the 21st installment of AEI's Rational Debate Series. What is most surprising about it is that McGovern adviser Warnke is a more enthusiastic supporter of the Nixon-Laird doctrine of "strategic sufficiency" than is Senator Buckley, the doctrine's putative defender. Moreover, on the evidence of his impeccable presentation of the facts and prospects, the Senator's misgivings are well-founded. "The consequences of the plausible qualitative improvements in *existing* Soviet forces indicate clearly," says Buckley, "that the President has virtually no capability to actually fight a nuclear war to preserve the political and territorial integrity of the U.S." Since it is precisely these consequences that were made more or less inevitable by the SALT agreements—signed and ratified since the debate was held—the outlook is now more alarming than ever. Buckley won this debate, but a far larger and more perilous argument has barely begun. I, for one, hope the Senator applies for and wins a place on the Armed Services Committee in the 93rd Congress. On the evidence of these pages, his voice would be a welcome and possibly crucial addition to the making of American defense policy.

J. BELL

JUDGMENTS: *Essays on American Constitutional History, by Leonard W. Levy (Quadrangle, 341 pp., $12.50.).* Winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1969 for *Origins of the Fifth Amendment,* Professor Levy of Claremont Graduate School (formerly of Brandeis) has made the First and Fifth Amendments his virtual private preserve. His books and articles on those subjects rank with the most significant in modern times, as do some of his studies of the Fourteenth Amendment. Grateful if sometimes infuriated students of Dr. Levy, like this reviewer, have long been aware how skilfully he could pile up evidence to support his cases, among them being, as he puts it in one of this book's essays, that "by now we all know the notorious fact that the Supreme Court has flunked history." He notes of the Court that it has not used the evidence of history knowledgeably and responsibly in its Fifth Amendment opinions; "yet, without knowing it, by blunder or instinct the Court has handed down opinions that have had a strong ally in history in keeping the Fifth 'as broad as the mischief against which it seeks to guard.'" Readers of this journal might disagree with Professor Levy's conclusions here and there, but they'll not be unmoved by his reasoning or unimpressed by his vast learning. Some will no doubt enjoy Mr. Levy's harsh evaluations of some of the opinings of Mr. Justice Douglas. Perhaps most will appreciate especially his superb essays, "Liberty of the Press from Zenger to Jefferson," and "Judicial Review, History, and Democracy," reprinted from earlier books, and the previously unpublished "No Establishment of Religion: The Original Understanding." A seemingly modest but actually quite splendid piece is the book's concluding essay, written in 1971 with his student Douglas Jones, "Jim Crow Education: Origins of the 'Separate but Equal' Doctrine," an article that uninformed lovers of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* would do well to read. Would that Quadrangle had spent the money to index this book of recent Levy essays, thus greatly increasing its usefulness; at $12.50 we deserve that service.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

RUSSIAN HISTORY ATLAS, *by Martin Gilbert (Macmillan, 146 pp., plus bibliography and index, $4.95).* This is the seventh in an expanding new series of historical atlases. Mr. Gilbert prefers, with good reason, to think of the form as merely a special way of presenting history, through successive annotated maps rather than by a verbal text. The volumes are not beautiful or elegant, as many maps happily are, but it is both useful and enlightening to have what amounts to an outline of history in a medium that dramatizes dimensions to which it is hard for words alone to do justice. It is remarkable how big a mountain of fact can be compressed into even a single map.

J. BURNHAM

MARY TODD LINCOLN: *Her Life and Letters, by Justin G. Turner and Linda Levitt Turner (Knopf, 744 pp., $15).* Mrs. Lincoln's letters are not worth reading, but the Turners do make a compelling narrative out of the biographical passages linking the letters. Even their best efforts, however, cannot make Mary Lincoln out to be other than a vain and very foolish woman. They do effectively counter the calumny heaped upon her, and one's pity is finally stirred by her unjust incarceration in a mental institution at the instigation of her son. Perhaps Matthew Brady's photographs of her come closest to explaining why she is so unsympathetic a character.

E. B. MEYER

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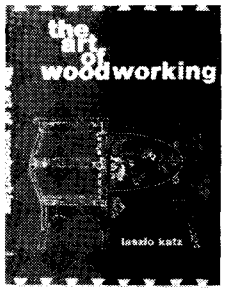

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(Continued from page 1297)

sophistication and a sense of humor temper the acceptance of the formal faith, while a distressing number of Americans take their liberalism quite literally and seriously.

Nothing reveals more surely where the real levers of power in a country are than the taboos it observes. In Poland, though political jokes abound, nothing is ever said about the Red Army. The subject is too sensitive. It is banned not only by censorship, but by the more pervasive sense of pride which makes a man reluctant to admit, even to himself, that he is anyone's slave. In America, with all the freedom of expression on other topics, e.g., no one dares to criticize Israel, for the same reason. What makes the American politician cringe with fear is the power of the electronic media, but he would no sooner admit it than the Pole would being scared of Soviet tanks. It is human to gloss over or ignore the things which strike terror in one's heart. That is why no one talks in Poland about the Red Army in other than glowing terms.

Students from Africa get generous scholarships at Polish universities. They are heartily disliked—there is no liberal guilt complex in Poland and no compulsory adulation of other races—because they flaunt their money (many are sons of tribal chiefs) and behave arrogantly, while lagging far behind in scholarship. Examination standards are relaxed for their benefit (another point of similarity with American colleges) and they get diplomas, on the theory that their professional incompetence will be of no concern to Poland, since they will inflict it on their own people in Africa.

The press is, of course, wholly government-controlled and serves the party, but the propaganda line is not pushed as hard as you might expect. People have developed an immunity, an ability to ignore the message. Foreign broadcasts and contacts with relatives and friends abroad fill in the information gaps, so that the average member of the public has a pretty good idea of what really goes on in the world. The official Polish press makes only perfunctory references to the "imperialist war in Indochina"; it is quite free of the moral indignation typical of the American Left. The Apollo XVI mission received extensive and appreciative coverage.

The economic situation of Poland is something of a puzzle: All statistics point to a spectacular growth in production, but the man in the street appears little better off than before. The inevitable suspicion arises that someone is siphoning off the profit: One-third of Poland's foreign trade is with Soviet Russia, one-third with Eastern Europe and the rest with the West. It does not take much political acumen to guess which of these trading partners is most likely to shortchange the Poles and they draw the obvious conclusion.

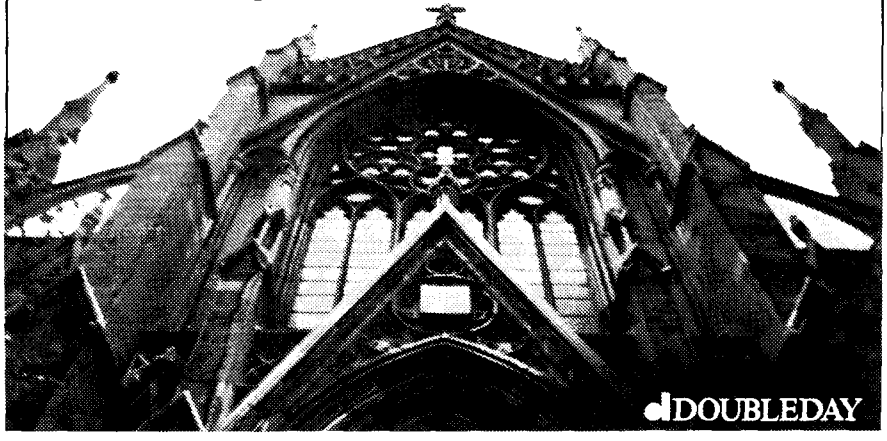
The role of the Catholic Church in Poland is a subject too vast to be dealt with here. It holds its own against continuous pressures and today has more bishops, priests and parishes than it had in 1939. Edward Gierek gave the Church title to ecclesiastical real estate in the former German territories and is believed to favor a more conciliatory attitude toward religion.

To understand the power of the Church one has to see the Corpus Christi procession in Warsaw, or a small statue of Mary in the courtyard of a Warsaw tenement, before which fresh flowers are placed everyday. There are also flowers at wayside shrines along thousands of Polish country roads and many churches are too small to hold their Sunday congregations. □

When even "the rock" of the Catholic Church has crumbled, what chance is there for any of our institutions?

The author of *Nixon Agonistes* traces the parallel agonies of church and state: the demise of liberalism, the rise of radicalism, and the hardening of reaction. "Garry Wills has talent to burn. He is outstanding as a reporter, as a scholar, and as a literary stylist. He is a major figure in the new art of nonfiction in America."—*Tom Wolfe.*

BARE RUINED CHOIRS
GARRY WILLS



DOUBLEDAY

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EHRMANN

(Continued from page 1299)

My purpose in recounting all of this is not merely to provide additional proof that there exists a leftist hegemony on campus, but also as a commentary on the effect it has on students who enter that world with different (or even undeveloped) ideas or perspectives. I had heard, second-hand, the story of the UW-M freshman who underwent a drastic change of character and temperament upon entering the university. The change manifested itself in an unbecoming sullenness and morosity that was attributed by his parents directly to the campus atmosphere.

I can understand it, for I felt the same thing happening to me. The constant bludgeoning and almost total lack of moral or spiritual rigor, not only in some classes but reflected in university-sponsored programs and in the students themselves, is guaranteed to exact a heavy toll on anyone not willing to swallow whole the brew regularly served up.

My own plunge down the abyss was abruptly halted in mid-semester, when I injured my back and had to be removed, temporarily, from the university. I wasn't exactly heartened by this development; after all, it meant that a semester's tuition and valuable time had been thrown away. Still, I wasn't shattered either, knowing that the respite would give me an opportunity to rearm for the spring semester. As for my education, I am thinking about recouping somewhere else—not under the illusion that conditions are greatly improved, but in the hope, at least, of shortening my sentence behind the ice-cream counter. □

BECKERMAN

(Continued from page 1295)

is the best model we have. It is like my producing a report to the effect that there are some wild tigers in hiding in Boston, Mass. so that, since nobody has yet proved that there are *no* such wild tigers and the consequences of my being right are so serious for anybody who is eaten by a tiger, Bostonians should buy my anti-tiger insurance policy. This would be fine if the policy were costless, but if it isn't they presumably need to be convinced that the probabilities of being attacked by the tiger are big enough to justify the sacrifice of current consumption.

All in all, the Club of Rome report is a feeble effort. It is a compendium of phony "facts," errors of logic and false assumptions, mixed up with a few expressions of pious motivation and covered with a dressing of tautologies that have been true since the beginning of time, such as that a finite supply of anything will be used up one day if demand expands continuously (but *when* is the day?). That it should have received the attention given it is witness to the perpetual public taste for spine-chilling predictions of doom. It is also witness to a genuine and creditable concern with the state of our world. There are, indeed, many desperately serious problems: crime, violence, drugs, race, war, intolerance, urban conditions, mental illness, old age, housing, congestion and so on. The anti-growth bandwagon is a distraction from these serious problems and failure to maintain economic growth will make these problems worse, not better. □

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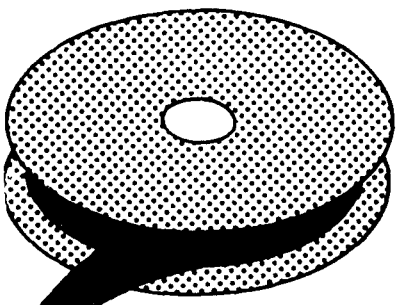

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Vietnam Maxims

On The Right

London, Nov. 2—Mr. Thieu has accused the United States of selling out South Vietnam. My inclination is to believe that Mr. Thieu is making internal politics: And why should he not? Mr. Thieu is not to be confused with a prime minister of a Scandinavian country who vaguely desires peace in a remote area of the world, where primitive yellow men are distracting world attention from the more important problems of more important people. Mr. Thieu is talking about a country which is his whole concern.

WHAT TO SAY at the moment? Permit me a few Vietnamese maxims:

➤ A civil war which has torn a society for twenty years and which has involved the great powers is unlikely to be settled in a single dramatic stroke.

➤ If negotiations give the impression of being a camouflaged surrender, there will be nothing left to negotiate. Support for the side which seems to be losing will collapse. Thus *the way* negotiations are carried out is almost as important as *what* is negotiated. The choreography of how one enters negotiations, what is settled first and in what manner, is inseparable from the substance of the issues.

➤ To Saigon, the status of the NLF cannot be a procedural matter. For South Vietnam it has been very nearly the central issue of the war. Washington must bear at least part of the responsibility for underestimating the depth and seriousness of this concern.

➤ What is involved now is confidence in American promises. However fashionable it is to ridicule the terms "credibility" or "prestige," they are not empty phrases; other nations can gear their actions to ours only if they can count on our steadiness. In many parts of the world—the Middle East, Europe, Latin America, even Japan—stability depends on confidence in American promises. Unilateral withdrawal, or a settlement which unintentionally amounts to the same thing, could lead to the erosion of restraints and to an even more dangerous international situation.

➤ It would be difficult to imagine two societies less meant to understand each other than the Vietnamese and the American. History and culture combine to produce almost morbid suspiciousness on the part of the Vietnamese.

➤ To split Washington and Saigon has been a constant objective of Hanoi. If the Paris talks turn into an instrument to accomplish this, Hanoi will be tempted to use them for political warfare.

➤ Clearly there is a point beyond which Saigon cannot be given a veto over negotiations. But equally, it is not preposterous for Saigon to insist on a major voice in decisions affecting its own country.

➤ Ceasefire is not so much a step toward a final settlement as a form of it.

➤ The issue is whether the United States should be party to an attempt to *impose* a coalition government. We must be clear that our involvement in such an effort may well destroy the existing structure in South Vietnam and thus lead to a Communist takeover.

➤ It is beyond imagination that parties that have been murdering and betraying each other for 25 years could work together as a team giving joint instructions to the entire country.

➤ Negotiations seeking to impose a coalition from the outside are likely to change markedly and irreversibly the political process in South Vietnam. Any negotiation on this point by the United States is likely to lead either to an impasse or to the collapse of Saigon.

➤ American objectives should be to bring about a staged withdrawal of external forces, North Vietnamese and American, thereby to create a maximum incentive for the contending forces in South Vietnam to work out a political agreement. The structure and content of such an agreement must be left to the South Vietnamese.

➤ The primary responsibility for negotiating the internal structure of South Vietnam should be left for direct negotiations among the South Vietnamese. Otherwise, we are likely to wind up applying the greater part of our pressure against Saigon as the seeming obstacle to an accommodation.

➤ If the United States brings about a removal of external forces and pressures, and if it gains a reasonable time for political consolidation, it will have done the maximum possible for an ally—short of permanent occupation.

➤ However we got into Vietnam, whatever the judgment of our actions, ending the war honorably is essential for the peace of the world.

THESE "maxims" are excerpted, verbatim, from *Foreign Affairs*, Volume 47, Number 2, January 1969: "The Vietnam Negotiations," by Henry A. Kissinger. □

TO AMERICA WITH LOVE

Brussels, Oct. 31—The lead time on Vietnam analysis being what it is, I take leave of the cosmic imperative. The terms of the proposed ceasefire continually reify, like the photographs in Mr. Land's new camera, which however will give us in fifty seconds what, respecting Vietnam, it will take fifty hours or days to perceive distinctly enough to evaluate. Pending this I should like to report that as of this afternoon the Minnewater Canal in Bruges (Belgium)—as enchanting a town as exists in all of Europe—is a dirty, stinking mess. What should America do about it? Nothing, but it brings to mind that Mr. Nixon recently vetoed a $25-billion anti-water-pollution bill rushed through Congress in the hectic final hours of its life. Mr. McGovern will no doubt reveal, in due course, that this clearly means that Richard Nixon would rather napalm civilians than clear rivers; but soon now Mr. McGovern will cease to distract. And although one can appreciate Mr. Nixon's preeminent concern for a sound dollar, still one thinks wistfully about clear water, and it occurs to me that the Bicentennial Celebration Committee has really failed to come up with anything exciting with which to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Republic.

Why not propose to the American people that they make a present to themselves of—clear water. Clear lakes, clear rivers, clear streams.

Congress should empower a Bicenten-

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nial Committee to sell ten-year tax-deductible bonds at just-under prevailing interest rates, the proceeds of which would begin instantly to be used to begin the great enterprise. Twenty billion dollars is, as they say, a great deal of money, though it is just less than we spent at the urging of President Kennedy who in 1961 called on the Congress to finance through taxation America's determination to reach the moon. In a half-dozen years we had it made, and for a while there was a great corporate exultation. This in due course evaporated, in part because the landings became routine, in part because in the nature of the thing landing on the moon, like exploding an atom bomb, doesn't give the kind of resonant satisfaction one gets from, say, discovering the cure for polio; or for polluted water.

I see here several opportunities. One is to summon the nation to a corporate enterprise on a comparatively voluntary basis. I.e., to the extent that the money is raised, the job gets done. During the Second World War bonds were sold not so much because the revenue was necessary to finance the Normandy invasion, but because the selling of the bonds was a means of involving the public in the military enterprise; and a means, also, of withdrawing, however temporarily, funds that otherwise would fuel inflationary pressures.

THIS TIME around, Congress might say simply: put up the money to clean the water; or let the waters remain fetid. Every community, every category of American, could sponsor the sale of the Bicentennial Bonds. Everyone from John Wayne to Jane Fonda; from Noam Chomsky to Milton Friedman; from George Meany to Barry Goldwater, could put aside their differences and ask their constituencies to: Buy the Bicentennial Bonds.

It would be for an economist to analyze the indirect consequence of $20 billion invested in the Bicentennial Bonds. They are not exactly dollars removed from circulation. Because they would need to be spent, in some form or other, to promulgate the myriad programs of pollution control. Still, much of the money would not be poured raw into the economic bloodstream. Subtle inducements and regulations, carrot and stick, designed to rearrange waste habits of manufacturers is a part of it. Research into sewage disposal is a part of it. Regulation of routine disposal habits by individuals is not necessarily costly, if the regulators are in any case on the public payroll. But the $20 billion that now are spent, will not be available to those who have mortgaged $20 billion to that end. In due course there is a reckoning, but that can be gradually amortized, particularly with the tax-deductible feature of the plan.

They ask for participatory government. Here surely is the stuff of it. Granted, eventually the investors will be repaid, even as the war bond-holders were repaid. But the interest is not glamorous, the return is in inflated dollars. And on July 4, 1976, removing the bandage from our eyes, we might look down into the water, and see a clear reflection of ourselves: and see the face of a smiling America. □

HEATH'S PROGRESS

London, Nov. 7—Mr. Edward Heath has lost a good bit of the glamor he was supposed to have achieved, early in his term as prime minister, primarily from the fact of his being a totally non-glamorous prime minister. His election as head of his party was a surprise. His election as the government of England was a surprise. And mostly it was a surprise, during the early period, when he talked back to the vested interests and, for a period, held them at bay.

The vested interests, in England, are primarily the labor unions. They are the nearest thing to an intractable force ever seen in a parliamentary system. They grew particularly strong in England because economic progress, over the generations since the Industrial Revolution, was viewed there as a categorical affair. England's idea of class made this rather more natural than it would seem in societies of atomic mobility, like our own. And, inevitably, the superstition grew that it was labor-union leaders who are responsible for economic advances. The English may yet perish by that sword.

In the last years of Harold Wilson, he came to acknowledge, in his circuitous way, that something had to be done about the labor unions—about the wildcat strikes, the jurisdictional strikes, the inordinate leverage critical unions exercise on the commonweal. Accordingly he introduced reforms that would have denied the unions some of their outrageous powers over the public. Nothing came of it, because suddenly, unaccountably, Harold Wilson was defeated in a general election: it was as if Providence had intervened to keep him from having to face a crisis, which has been Harold Wilson's lifelong goal.

But when Heath replaced Wilson, the structural problems remained. For a while it appeared as though Heath would face the problem down and restore the balance of economic power. In the early months of his administration he surprised and delighted his constituents by taking a tough line. But the opposition was gathering its forces. And it is critical to remember this about a parliamentary opposition. If it is the natural ally of the forces that are being contained, it most always will jump to their defense as a matter of instinct and necessity. It is one thing for a Labor government in England to propose and even enact reforms at the expense of organized labor leadership. Something quite other for a Tory government to do so while Labor, in opposition, stands by.

Mr. Heath accordingly bumped into Harold Wilson, who has spent all his public life in a turnstile and found himself on this occasion colliding against almost exactly the same reforms he had himself, however obliquely, proposed. The initial victories were Heath's. But then came a series of strikes—two in particular. It is impossible to exaggerate their extraordinary effect.

The first, in the winter of 1970-71, was a postal strike. It went on and on and on. The English being a hardy race, they survived it, and indeed made marvelously ingenious improvisations.

Much more serious was last winter's coal miners' strike, which brought England closer to iron discomfort than anything since the war. Edward Heath, one infers, thought that surely England was now sustaining the assault from a monopoly labor union that would galvanize the country behind labor reforms. He appears to have been quite wrong.

Notwithstanding the inconvenience, there was widespread public support for the strikers. In part there was sympathy for the hard working conditions of the miners—that much is routine. But in part the English seemed to be saying that work-for-profit simply isn't all that important; that if conditions are not congenial, never mind the pay—think about other things. It is recorded that when the new contracts were finally drawn, there was a rush of young men who did in fact desire work in the mines, in return for the enticing wages. Even so, a heavy net appeared to have descended on the Conservative government, whose movements have been sluggish, and disoriented. It appears to be struggling against the knowledge that, maybe, nobody really, really cares.

So now, in his latest crisis, Mr. Heath, having failed to persuade the trade unions to abide by a cost-of-living regulator, is prepared to go to: wage and price controls. The English have of course tried them before. The controls have never worked. All they accomplish is formal economic discipline. Formal economic discipline is a waystation to syndicalism; corporativism; fascism—call it what you will, and be sad. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. John L. Lewis' were prominent — 7 116 169 165 157 18 57 39

B. Lacking in excellence or value — 10 79 108 55 117 101 134 179

C. A school subject — 68 98 50 2 19 26 139

D. You cannot have both this and freedom — 72 122 21 69 154 109 40 184

E. A person or thing without an equal — 93 135 27 83 59 123 158 168

F. To rake with gunfire in a lengthwise direction — 99 70 16 29 159 173 4 118

G. Part of an electrical storm — 110 30 77 152 5 105 146 130 142

H. One-year-olds — 166 61 160 170 119 112 73 114 89

I. A famous Roman for whom a month was named — 15 17 28 45 149 3 58 67

J. Nothingness — 174 120 6 131 74 141 62 31

K. Caledonia — 182 133 106 8 115 75 121 86

L. A German coin — 32 177 148 113 143 124 180 80

M. A pungent colorless gaseous alkaline compound of nitrogen and hydrogen — 47 20 95 84 132 78 129

N. Carried away by overwhelming emotion — 60 103 41 25 88 76 33 128

O. Suffering a dull persistent pain — 1 54 82 91 11 46

P. Something that floats aimlessly — 71 34 161 137 63 56 145 171 178

Q. Oliver Cromwell's nickname — 100 42 175 22 125 35 155 150 90

R. Breaks in journeys — 104 107 43 96 138 176 136 144

S. Anything short-lived or transitory — 140 44 126 153 51 163 65 36

T. A rake — 147 52 167 9 181 87 23 64

U. What the Constitution of the U. S. was (among other things) — 156 151 12 92 66 48 127 164

V. Most inconsiderable — 24 37 97 162 172 13 53 183

W. Quivered — 81 102 14 38 85 111 94 49

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1316 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	1 O	2 C	3 I	4 F	■	5 G	6 J	7 A	■	8 K	9 T	10 B	11 O	12 U	13 V
14 W	■	15 I	16 F	■	17 I	18 A	19 C	20 M	21 D	22 Q	23 T	24 V	25 N	■	26 C	27 E
28 I	29 F	30 G	31 J	32 L	33 N	34 P	35 Q	36 S	37 V	38 W	39 A	40 D	■	41 N	42 Q	43 R
44 S	45 I	46 O	47 M	48 U	49 W	50 C	■	51 S	52 T	53 V	54 O	55 B	56 P	■	57 A	58 I
59 E	■	60 N	61 H	62 J	63 P	64 T	65 S	66 U	67 I	68 C	■	69 D	70 F	71 P	■	72 D
73 H	74 J	75 K	76 N	77 G	78 M	79 B	80 L	■	81 W	82 O	83 E	■	84 M	85 W	86 K	■
87 T	88 N	89 H	90 Q	91 O	92 U	93 E	■	94 W	95 M	96 R	97 V	98 C	99 F	■	100Q	101B
■	102W	103N	104R	■	105G	106K	107R	■	108B	109D	110G	111W	112H	113L	114H	115K
116A	■	117B	118F	119H	120J	121K	122D	123E	124L	125Q	126S	127U	128N	■	129M	130G
■	131J	132M	133K	134B	■	135E	136R	■	137P	138R	139C	140S	141J	142G	143L	■
144R	145P	146G	147T	■	148L	149I	150Q	151U	■	152G	153S	154D	155Q	■	156U	157A
■	158E	159F	160H	161P	162V	163S	164U	■	165A	166H	■	167T	168E	169A	■	170H
171P	172V	173F	174J	175Q	176R	177L	■	178P	179B	180L	181T	182K	183V	184D	■	■

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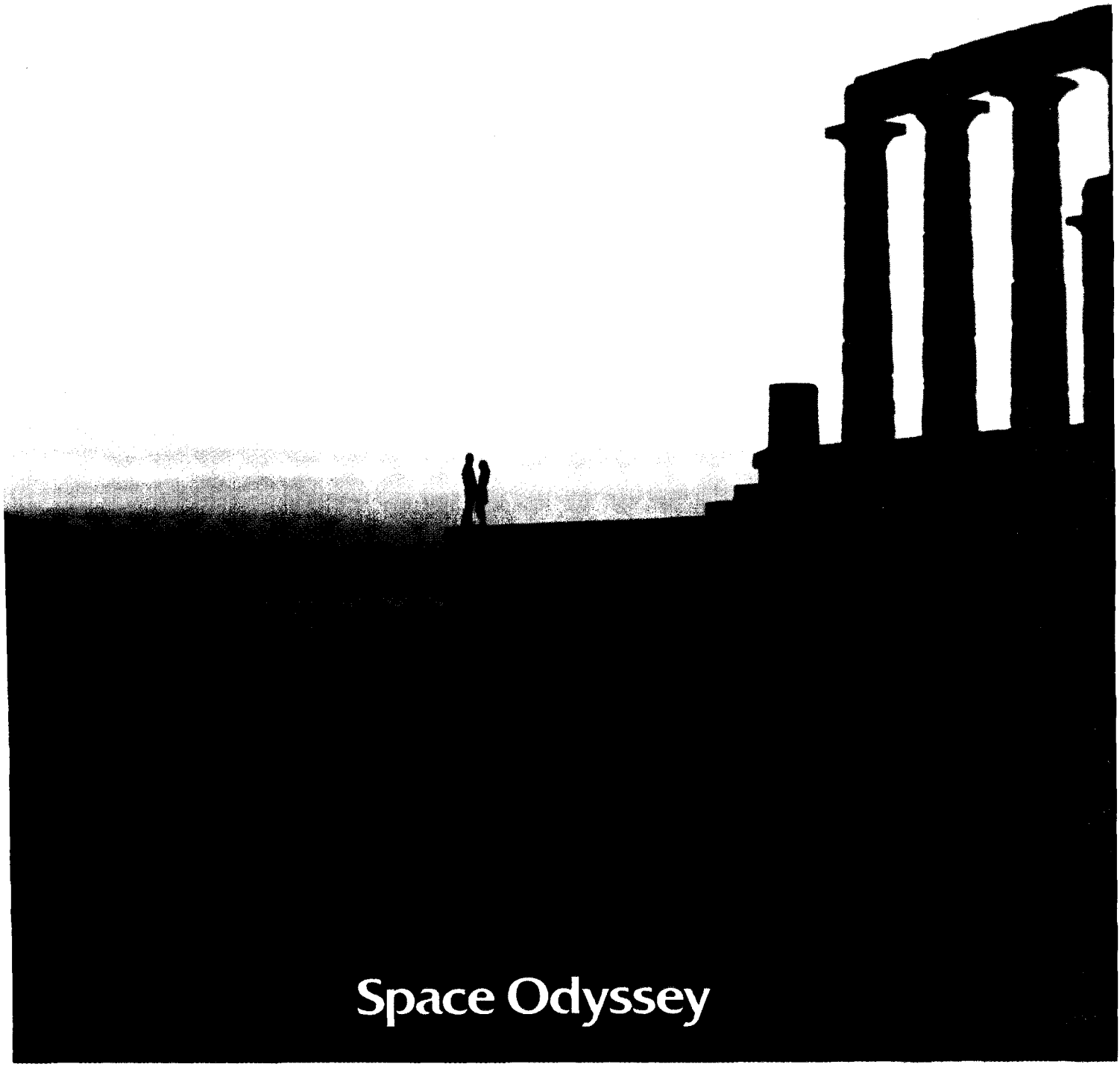

Space Odyssey

Take a trip back 2000 years. Take a friend. And take in Sounion, temple to a sea-god. Poseidon's place. You'll see that some things never change in Greece.

Even winter in the Greek Islands stays like high June. Sunny sandy beaches. Sailboats rigged and ready to float you on the blue blue sea around Rhodes and Crete so you can collect your suntan and your wits.

No crowds. No long lines. Greece has all the quiet in the world when you want it. Plus all the social pleasures when you're ready. Plush shops. Open-air bazaars. Tavernas. Bouzouki. Wines from a different grape. Cozy little fishing-village cafes. And casinos where you can gamble and dance all the balmy Greek night. What if you don't break the bank? Relax. Even the luxury hotels are a buy.

Ask anybody who has been anywhere else in Europe lately. Or ask us.

GREECE
IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON

Greek National Tourist Organization
601 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) HA 1-5777
627 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017 (213) 626-6696

Gentlemen:
I'd like to getaway to Greece in the winter. NR 1124
Please send more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

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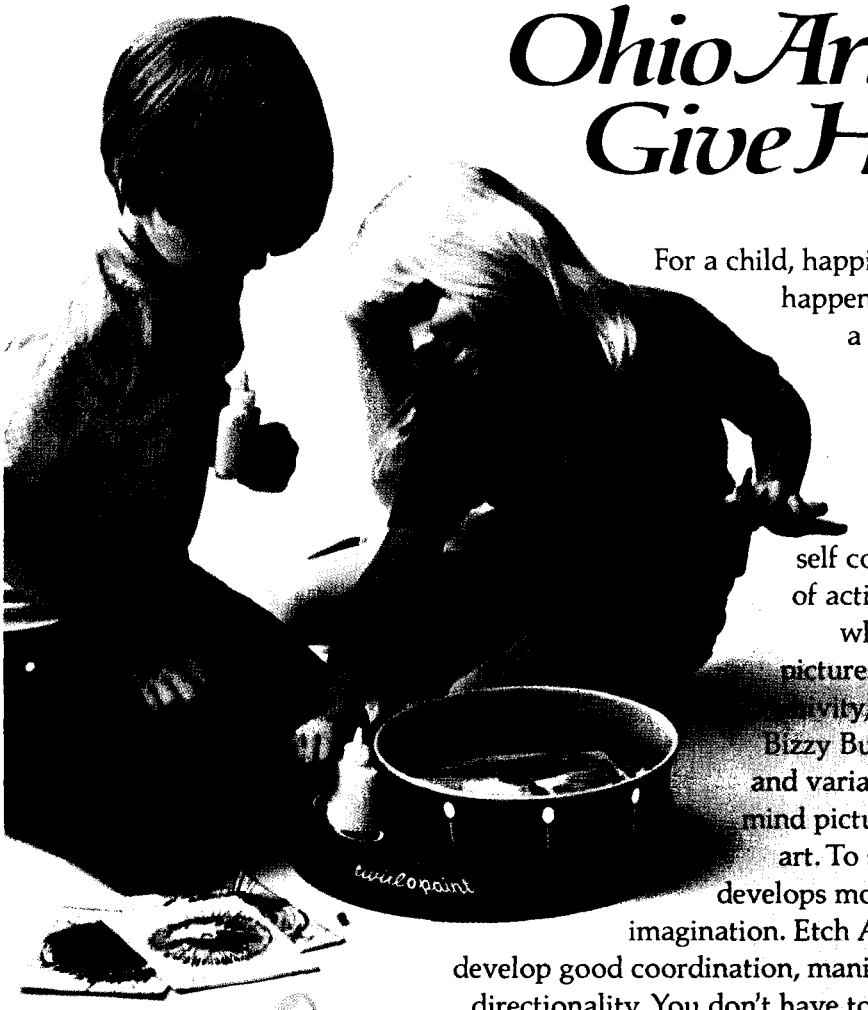
Ohio Art Toys Give Happiness



For a child, happiness often is making something happen. Even simple little things. Such a basic fact. But one that is never overlooked at Ohio Art where toys are designed to involve a child rather than make him a spectator, to help him gain a sense of accomplishment and self confidence. This is especially true of activity toys such as Twirl-O-Paint which lets children create exciting pictures at their own pace. Encourages activity, immediate success, confidence. Bizzy Buzz Buzz's different colored pens and variable scriggly lines turn a child's mind pictures into his own works of art. To save or share. Also develops motor control and imagination. Etch A Sketch helps develop good coordination, manipulation and directionality. You don't have to understand these big words but you will understand the fun everyone has with Etch A Sketch.

Yes, Ohio Art toys give happiness... available wherever toys are sold.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE
• Good Housekeeping •
GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

GUARANTEED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

OHIO ART®

THE OHIO ART COMPANY
BRYAN, OHIO 43506

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